Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXXI No. 40 OCTOBER 2, 1948 FIFTEEN CENTS

OCT 1 '48

SR 9/24/9R 40-7-22
TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
GREENEVILLE 2YR 10/4
TENN.

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

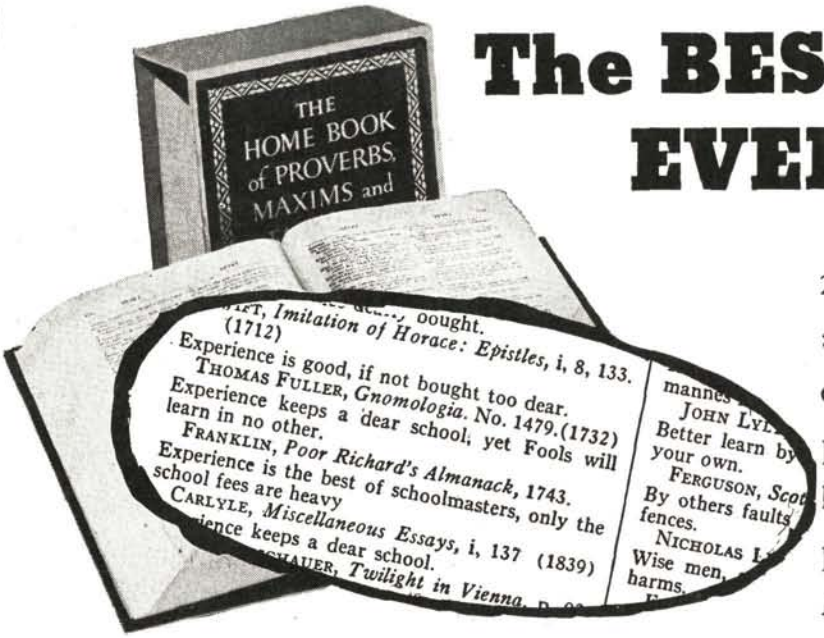
Walter White, author of "A Man Called White." *(See page 9)*

Let Man Take Command

By LEWIS MUMFORD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The BEST from EVERY ANGLE


THE
HOME BOOK
of PROVERBS
MAXIMS and
(1712)
Experience is good, if not bought too dear.
THOMAS FULLER, Gnomologia. No. 1479.(1732)
Experience keeps a dear school, yet Fools will learn in no other.
FRANKLIN, Poor Richard's Almanack, 1743.
Experience is the best of schoolmasters, only the school fees are heavy
CARLYLE, Miscellaneous Essays, i, 137 (1839)

2,964 pages beautifully bound and printed — and over 73,000 entries—make this the most complete work, and one of the handsomest, of its kind ever published. The author of *Home Book of Verse* and *Home Book of Quotations* assembles, in vast array, our proverbs, maxims and familiar phrases, and traces them to original sources, showing variations along the way. The trail often leads back 6,000 years to Egyptian, Homeric, Hesiodic, Hebrew or Chinese origins. Splendid index plus this great mass of knowledge at every reader's fingertips.

$20.00

The Home Book of Proverbs, Maxims and Familiar Phrases

By BURTON STEVENSON

At all Bookstores — The MACMILLAN Company

What has the Roosevelt Supreme Court been up to since 1937?

This brilliant book analyzes the Roosevelt Supreme Court decisions on such important matters as labor, federal regulation of business, taxation, civil liberties — tracing the personal and political influences that may have determined its policies and doctrines, and showing incidentally that it has been one of the most un-unanimous in history. $5.00

The Roosevelt Court

By C. HERMAN PRITCHETT

"Intensive study . . . wealth of material." — Library Journal

A study of the constitutional aspects of the Presidency which emerged in the first historic period of operation from April 30 to December 31, 1789 — precedent-making days which went far to determine the whole future of the office. "Encyclopedic in character, each point stated clearly," continues the *Library Journal*. $4.00

The American Presidency in Action, 1789

By JAMES HART

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

October 2, 1948

Cover Drawing from Life by Frances O'Brien

Article

PAGE

LET MAN TAKE COMMAND
By Lewis Mumford..... 7

Reviews

A MAN CALLED WHITE
Reviewed by H. A. Overstreet..... 9
THE DIARY OF PIERRE LAVAL
Reviewed by Crane Brinton.....10
JOHN J. PERSHING, GENERAL OF THE ARMIES
Reviewed by Brig. Gen. Donald Armstrong....11
THE YOUNG LIONS
Reviewed by Lee Rogow.....12
CHARADE
Reviewed by Harry Bull.....13
DEVIL MAKE A THIRD
Reviewed by Edwin S. Mills, Jr.....14
THE SKY IS RED
GUARD OF HONOR
Reviewed by John Woodburn.....15
NOBODY'S FOOL
Reviewed by Richard McLaughlin..16
DICTATORS AND DISCIPLES
Reviewed by Asher Brynes.....17
LISTENING WITH THE THIRD EAR
YOU AND PSYCHIATRY
Reviewed by Jule Eisenbud, M.D...18
PSYCHIATRY IN A TROUBLED WORLD
Reviewed by Irving Wilson Voorhees, M.D.....19
GREAT NOVELISTS AND THEIR NOVELS
Reviewed by John W. Aldridge.....23
THE COLLECTED ESSAYS OF JOHN PEALE BISHOP
THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JOHN PEALE BISHOP
Reviewed by Gerard Previn Meyer..24
LUSH VALLEY
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay..29
THE DIVINE PASSION
THEY MOVE WITH THE SUN
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman..30

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4
MY CURRENT READING
By Willard Long Thorp..... 8
LITERARY I.Q.....11
PUBLISHER'S GALLERY:
Frederick Coykendall.....14
EDITORIAL 20
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....21
LITERARY CRYPT.....24
SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....26
NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....32
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....36
THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....37
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton.....38
THE FILM FORUM
By A. Bertrand Channon.....40
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 758.....43

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert B. Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXI, No. 40, October 2, 1948. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright 1948 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

OXFORD

UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE YEARS 1653-4 in England were marked by violent disputes in Parliament led by hotheads who were bent on suppressing all universities. This Parliamentary battle was a direct reflection of strong feeling throughout England, engendered by the success of the Presbyterians and Independents in overthrowing the Church of England. The victors subsequently proceeded to train their fire on the Church's two strongholds, Cambridge and Oxford. Cambridge was more particularly the target of their attacks, but Oxford men joined the fight with a will, and many of the publications of the day dealt with the controversy, from *An Humble Apologie for Learning and Learned Men*, on the one hand, to *The Stumbling-Stone . . . Wherein the University of Cambridge is reproved by the Word of God*, on the other.

The universities are by now so far removed from this sort of controversy that in some quarters it is argued that a college education is no longer a privilege, but a right; and for veterans of the Second World War the Congress of the United States has so regarded it. With classrooms crowded and libraries overtaxed, the textbooks which are an integral part of our system of higher education play an increasingly important role. Textbooks like those listed below, which have grown out of successful teaching, no longer need apologize for the name; they have their own very real value, as readers, whether students or not, have discovered.

THE GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC
By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON *and* HENRY STEELE COMMAGER — 2 vols. $10.00

ELEMENTS OF DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT
By J. A. CORRY — $3.75

THE SOCIAL FRAMEWORK OF THE AMERICAN ECONOMY
By J. R. HICKS *and* ALBERT G. HART — $2.75

READING POEMS: An Introduction to Critical Study
By WRIGHT THOMAS *and* STUART GERRY BROWN — $3.00

TRAINING THE SPEAKING VOICE
By VIRGIL A. ANDERSON — $3.25

FUNDAMENTAL FRENCH
By WILSON MICKS *and* OLGA LONGI — $2.25

WHAT IS MATHEMATICS? An Elementary Approach to Ideas and Methods
By RICHARD COURANT *and* HERBERT ROBBINS — $6.50

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

ONE OF LIFE'S dreariest moments comes each year when a businessman returns from his vacation and surveys the mountain of mail that has piled up while he was away. Letters, bills, circulars, publicity releases, magazines, and inter-office memoranda litter the desk and overflow to every available ledge.

Every man, of course, has worked out his own way of coping with the deluge, but Carl Van Doren undoubtedly hit upon the simplest when he came home one time from a three-month tour of the Continent. He took a deep breath, stuffed the entire accumulation into five big trash baskets, went down to the corner for a beer, and waited for somebody to complain. Nobody did—except the janitor. Every year I try to summon courage to make a similar decisive gesture, but I simply haven't got the nerve.

My own patented system is to answer immediately the letters arrived that very morning, and put off indefinitely the ones that have been on the desk for weeks. This creates an intoxicating illusion of being right up to date until my secretary Jezebel points an accusing finger at the treasures she has stacked up for me, and, weakling that I am, I plunge finally into the debris, feeling like one of the Collyer brothers.

This year, by actual count, there were announcements of eleven testimonial dinners and fourteen invitations to theatre "parties" for some cause or other, offering the privilege of a four-eighty ticket for twenty-five dollars. This theatrical benefit business has assumed such menacing proportions that astute producers are beginning to forbid it entirely. They have discovered that selling the complete house in advance for as many as sixty performances to a promising play is an unnecessary gesture if the play is a hit, and an even worse nuisance if it's a failure. The general public is annoyed when no tickets are available for so many performances early in the run. The people who do fork out twenty-five dollars for a ticket come to the theatre in a vaguely resentful mood, regardless of the worthiness of the sponsoring charity, and sit on their hands all evening. Experienced playgoers can sense that they have blundered into a benefit performance (unsold tickets are dumped back into the box-office a few hours before curtain time) the moment they take their seats. The actors are even more uncomfortable, and their work shows it. Maybe it's unfair on my part, but it's announcements of these benefit theatre parties that are shoveled into the basket first . . .

THE NEXT TO GO are the elaborate graphs and statistics, usually mailed in unwieldy, hard-to-open containers, on which so many magazine and newspaper publishers waste their money. If they *must* resort to direct mail, why on earth don't they send something useful? For the same cost they at least could parcel out matches, or scratch pads, or even blotters. I'm willing to grant that the *Omskiwanska Gazette* reaches more owners of Studebakers than any other periodical in Wisconsin without getting a four-color twelve-by-ten announcement of the fact . . .

BOOK PUBLISHERS' publicity releases, on the whole, are not as silly as they used to be. This season the boys seem to be going in for special effects. I found on my desk a live horned toad from Appleton-Century and an envelope containing actual black soil from Duell, Sloan & Pearce. The latter was a reminder that Erskine Caldwell's "This Very Earth" was available at all bookstores. The toad served to call attention, by some system of remote control, to Robert Spencer Carr's novel "The Room Beyond." . . . Several publishers have adopted the radical practice of refraining from sending out publicity notes until they actually have news to announce—or an item, at any rate, that has a one-to-four chance of being picked up by a Lewis Gannett or a Joe Jackson. Too many, however, persist in distributing long mimeographed sheets at regular intervals, whether they have anything to say or not. Way back in 1938, I sent out a parody on publishers' cuckoo book-notes that was reprinted in full by many prattle-scarred literary editors. Every once in a while somebody still asks for a copy, and since there's only one left in the office—pretty frayed at that—I'm reprinting it here, with minor amendments to bring it up to date:

PUBLICITY NOTES FROM BUMP AND COMPANY

*** Vladimir Pizitz, second assistant bookkeeper of Bump's, returned yesterday on Car Number 097 of the BMT from a tour of Brooklyn and Flatbush, where he saw several important authors and discussed their new books with them. Pizitz brought back with him the manuscript of Phyllis Lockjaw's new volume of poetry, for which the publishers have tried for two years to break the contract, the first four

"Unquoth!"

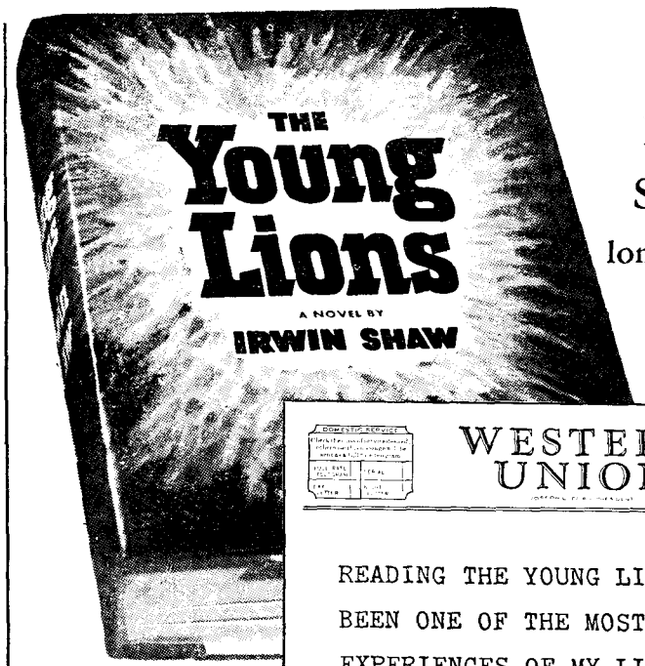
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chapters of a book on Vermont by the last native of that state to write a book about it, and several copies of newspapers he stumbled over in the subway. "It's finding things accidentally like that that spells the romance in publishing," said Mr. Pizitz. He reported that book business and existentialism were flourishing in Flatbush, discounted talk of war in Brooklyn this winter, and concluded that the Dodgers would have a strong list in 1949.

*** Bump and Company announce the formation of the God-Forbid-That-You-Should-Have-to-Think Book Club. Members have only to buy four books of three-cent stamps a year, whereupon they will receive free the Encyclopedia Americana, a Gutenberg Bible, and a week-end with their favorite movie star.

*** Augusta Fillip writes her publishers, Bump and Company, that she has moved from the fourth floor of 532 West 137 Street to the seventh floor of 686 East 129 Street. Romney Tillingholme is completing a new mystery story on the tablecloth at Lindy's. And another Bump author, Veronique de Lourd, reports that she has just received an honorary degree—her third—from the Hoboken police department.

*** Bump reports that its new best seller "How to Write Books Telling How" is now in its seventeenth printing, although it will not be published until January, and paper has been ordered for the eighteenth and nineteenth, making a total of 630 copies in all. The advertising appropriation is $50,000—oh shucks, make it $100,000. Professor Otis Hinkle, author of this phenomenal work, has been signed by Colossal Films, and will report at the conclusion of an extensive lecture tour in Worcester. Because of depressed conditions in Hollywood, he has consented to work for a thousand dollars a week for his six-month test period there, only forty times what he has been making at Tepid University. Colossal has reduced the salary of all stenographers fifty cents a week, so that stockholders will get Professor



IRWIN SHAW'S long-awaited novel

WESTERN UNION

READING THE YOUNG LIONS HAS
BEEN ONE OF THE MOST DEVASTATING
EXPERIENCES OF MY LIFE.
I BELIEVE IT TO BE THE FINEST
NOVEL YET WRITTEN BY AN AMERICAN=
THOMAS HEGGEN

A telegram from the author of *Mister Roberts*

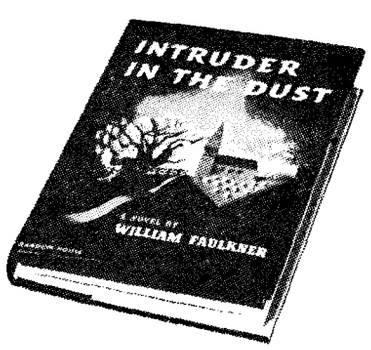
704 pages, $3.95, at all bookstores

JUST PUBLISHED

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S

FIRST NEW NOVEL IN EIGHT YEARS . . . *AND ONE OF HIS FINEST*

Intruder IN THE Dust



$3.00

At all bookstores **RANDOM HOUSE,** *New York*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

North Face

by

Mary Renault

The wise and sensitive story of two storm-tossed people, adult and civilized enough to fall in love in spite of the past—because of the future. Written with an objective tenderness that makes it both an individual and a universal story. By the author of *Return to Night*. $3.00

"In the important tradition of frontier biographies . . . A sensitive and dramatic tale of how a pioneer boy grew to manhood."—*Richard G. Lillard*, N. Y. Herald Tribune. $3.50

Old Man Crow's Boy:

Adventures in Early Idaho

by John Baumann

Gay Pursuit

by

Elizabeth Cadell

Author of *Last Straw for Harriet*

"For Angela Thirkell fans, for admirers of the early Margery Sharp stories, for any one who might like an amusing, delightful book."—*Joanna Spencer*, N. Y. Herald Tribune $2.75

MORROW

At your bookstore

Hinkle's services practically gratis. The title of Professor Hinkle's book, of course, will be discarded, along with the contents.

*** Hillary Hillary's novel "Lust in the Morgue," sensation of the current Bump list, has been translated into Dutch, Arabic, Lithuanian, and Egyptian, and has been chosen by the Book Society of Smolsk as its November selection. It is already in its second edition in Korean (this news arrived this morning by Korea pigeon). Mr. Hillary recently received a copy of the Greek edition, specially inscribed by Gregory Stanlikopuloff, the famous Athenian publisher. "This will be Greek to you," wrote the inimitable Stanlikopuloff, a collection of whose witticisms and epigrams will be published by Bump this winter, and claimed by three columnists . . .

BOOK BUSINESS is perking up, and October will see the publication of more sure-fire titles than have appeared in all the preceding months of 1948 put together. The novels will include Thomas Mann's "Doctor Faustus," Carl Sandburg's "Remembrance Rock," Irwin Shaw's "The Young Lions," Angela Thirkell's "Love Among the Ruins," Howard Fast's "My Glorious Brothers," Louis Bromfield's "The Wild Country," Theodore Plievier's "Stalingrad," Dodie Smith's "I Capture the Castle," and Martha Gelhorn's "The Wine of Astonishment." Non-fiction is headed by Bernard Shaw's "Self Sketches," Betty MacDonald's "The Plague and I," Ludwig Bemelmans's "The Best of Times," Van Wyck Brooks's "A Chilmark Miscellany," Joel Sayre's "The House Without a Roof," Douglas Freeman's biography of Washington, Bob Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins," and Billy Rose's "Wine, Women, and Words." And just over the horizon is the new Lloyd Douglas novel, with a reputed advance sale of 400,000 copies.

Do you wonder that booksellers are beginning to smile again?

BENNETT CERF.

Autumn Leaf on a Pool

By Louis Ginsberg

AS Cleopatra's
Barge once did,
It glides, with pomp
All panoplied.

So tethered to
Scarlet below,
As Cleopatra's
Long ago.

The crimson leaf
Drifts across,
Laden with
Brilliant loss. . . .

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Let Man Take Command

LEWIS MUMFORD

IF I had written this essay a hundred years ago, its title, even in that fateful year of revolutionary turmoil, would have been entirely reassuring and its contents hopeful—unless perhaps the topic had been assigned to John Ruskin, for even in that period he perceived that there was thunder on the horizon, as well as dawn. Most educated people a century ago believed that technics, as it came forth in a flood of new inventions, was almost synonymous with Western civilization; and whether it was or not, that there was a positive relation between technical progress and the advance of the human spirit.

Perhaps it is too early to say that this attitude toward technics has been completely chastened. But at all events it has become plain during the present generation that dissident voices are rising, and those voices are no longer confined to the belated camp-followers of Rousseau. Today it is precisely in the departments where our scientific advances have been most decisive, where our technics has been most exquisitely refined—particularly of course in nuclear physics — that some of the most eminent exponents of science have begun to sound a note of deep anxiety, as they contemplate the social consequences of technical progress.

The possibility that technics might be misapplied did not apparently bother our Victorian forebears. But no reasonably detached mind can view what has happened all over the world, from Liverpool to Tokyo, the dozens of cities that have been gutted out, the millions of human beings who have been coldly exterminated, without questioning the naive view that scientific knowledge applied to invention would, in Bacon's words, tend to the relief of man's estate. The first of the barbarian invasions has taken place under our eyes; and it differs from those that overcame Rome because the barbarians have sprung up wholly, not partly, from within the society that is attacked. Is it possible, we begin to ask ourselves, that our comic-strip hero Superman has neither the intelligence nor the moral sensibility to be entrusted with the instruments science has now put at his disposal?

To appraise the future of technics I purpose to deal mainly with a group of related special problems that have been raised by the very progress and proliferation of our mechanical and scientific technology during the past century. These problems, I believe, would be serious, indeed in some ways

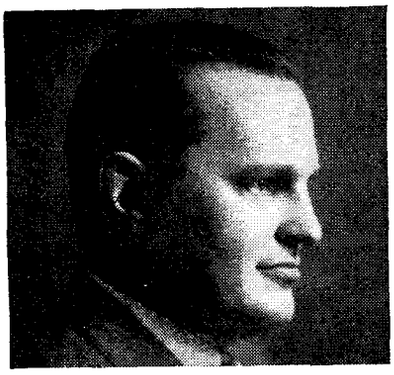
overwhelming, even if they had not been magnified by thirty years of warfare, barbarism, and extermination and even if we were not now possibly on the brink of racial suicide. If we recognize the existence of these essential problems in time, and if, by some further stroke of good luck, we are given enough time to frame an adequate answer to them, that fact will go a long way toward lifting the dangers which our overt instruments of mass extermination have conjured up.

Probably the most decisive change modern technics has brought about, certainly the most pervasive, is the change it has effected in both our concepts and our experience of space, time, energy. Most of the inventions which Leonardo and Bacon and Della Porta and Glanvill anticipated, and a grand succession of later inventors realized, were devices for saving time, for shrinking space, for enhancing energy, for speeding motions, for accelerating natural processes, — devices which equipped man with seven-league boots and magic carpets, releasing people from the physical constraints of here and now. But note the curious twist that actual experience has given to all these early plans and aspirations: the faster we travel, the less we actually see and experience on the way; the larger the area of our communication, other things remaining the same, the more limited the area of understanding; the greater our physical power the more formidable become our social and moral limitations.

As soon as we achieve the theoretic goal of annihilating distance entirely —as we even now do for all practical purposes when we telephone overseas —we come back again precisely where we started: to the village world of face-to-face contact. At that point our human weaknesses, serious enough in a village society, become magnified far more rapidly than our virtues, by reason of the technical process itself, just as a loud speaker blaring to the world from a family dinner table would accentuate its trivialities and bickerings rather than the less visible processes of love and devotion. Thanks to technics, men have become physically neighbors to people on the other side of the earth; but we have done little to make ourselves mental neighbors or to train ourselves in habits of courtesy, in disciplines of mutual forbearance, which would keep us in amicable relations.

IN their truly formidable innocence, the founders of modern technics did not anticipate these difficulties; or doubtless they would have done something to head them off. When the Royal Society was founded in England, its members deliberately decided to reject any collaboration with those disciplines which would now be called the social sciences and the humanities. For their purposes, it was possible to leave out of account every hu-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



My Current Reading

Willard Long Thorp, formerly research director of Dun & Bradstreet, is now Assistant Secretary of State. He was economic adviser to the United States Delegation at the Paris Conference of 1946.

AN AMERICAN YEAR, *by Hal Borland (Simon & Schuster)*

THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONEY, *by Henry Handel Richardson (Norton)*

SPRING IN WASHINGTON, *by Louis J. Halle, Jr. (Sloane)*

CHILDREN OF THE ALBATROSS, *by Anais Nin (Dutton)*

PEACE OF MIND, *by Joshua Loth Liebman (Simon & Schuster)*

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, *by Jonathan Swift*

A STUDY OF HISTORY, *by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford)*

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS, *by Edward Crankshaw (Viking)*

ALL MANNER OF MEN, *by Malcolm Ross (Reynal & Hitchcock)*

ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN PEACE AND WAR, *by Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy (Harper)*

ALTERNATIVE TO SERFDOM, *by John Maurice Clark (Knopf)*

man impulse and need, except those which were actively engaged in either the exploration or the exploitation of the physical environment. That decision, symbolic of a thousand others that accompanied the stunningly triumphant but one-sided advance of technics, has had the result of limiting the benefits we might legitimately expect from our present mastery of time and space. From Bacon onward, people thought that the advance of technics would by itself automatically solve the crucial problems of civilization; with unlimited production, they thought, we could overlook the moral problem of just distribution, with unlimited physical means of travel, we would by mere multiplication of contacts make men brothers.

Certainly the whole development of man himself, from small tribal units to cities and nations, from nations to leagues, unions, and empires, has been in the direction of unity and universality; and throughout history this development has been handicapped, up to modern times, by a technics so unprogressive that it had reached its pre-medieval plateau, very largely, before the Bronze Age. But precisely at the point where technics, thanks to Henry and Faraday and Morse and Watt, had caught up with the universal vision of the great religious teachers, our social facilities, so far from keeping pace with technical invention, actually lapsed; the very language, Latin, which had enabled European scholars to communicate freely beyond their national boundaries, was allowed to lapse before we had invented a simpler and more universal vehicle of communication. Here we face another bitter paradox. For what is the use of our being able to speak to another person instantaneously on the other side of the planet, if we have no common language, and if we have no common purpose, except that of exterminating our distant brother before he seizes the initiative and exterminates us? We have left the problem of creating a universal language mainly to a few amateurs and fanatics who naturally have so far made little headway, although with our present knowledge in comparative philology and logical analysis, the problem of inventing such a language presents far fewer difficulties than did the original invention of the alphabet.

The point I am making here touches almost every field of technical advance. None of our marvelous technical instruments and processes can function efficiently except in a society that has provided adequate social destinations and outlets; when technical advances are not coordinated with social advances, the result of an overconcentration on technics may be social confusion, frustration, retrogression. The paradox of the motor car, capable of going seventy-five miles an hour, reduced to the ignominious crawl of a pedestrian on the crowded avenues of our cities, can be matched in almost every department.

Now it is precisely in the most advanced parts of our technics that the mischief of treating technical development as an end in itself becomes most plain. For neither radio nor supersonic planes make sense until we realize that all men are brothers, and that every nation and group, however isolated in appearance, is part of an infinitely complicated and involved ecological partnership of planetary dimensions. In the sixth century B. C. the group of world religions that took form then were theoretically far in advance of technology in their universalism and in their sense of a common moral law binding mankind together. Unfortunately, the persistent "cultural lag" between the machine and our religious and moral concepts is now visible in quite another manner than Ogburn believed, when he used this term; for our technics has become universal in an ideological epoch which has turned to the worship of the false tribal god of nationalism, discarding the universal insights of Confucius and Buddha, of Mo-Ti and St. Paul, at the very moment they are most needed to make technics a true agent of civilization.

Now I turn more specifically to the problem of quantity. Though this problem derives largely from our expansion of power and our mechanical conquest of space and time, it invades every department of technics where the methods of mass production have been successfully installed. In general, the advance of the machine has been accompanied by a general quantification of life.

CONSIDERING the precarious conditions under which the greater portion of the human race had previously lived, the miserable dearth and scarcity and near-starvation, the besetting anxiety of trying to make both ends meet, one can well understand this new preoccupation with quantity. Just as the unlimited land of the New World promised food to the hungry, so the apparently unlimited productivity of the machine promised to make all men as wealthy, and therefore presumably as happy, as kings. Here once more our lack of concern for the social destination of the machine has curbed its real promises, as John Stuart Mill mordantly observed even at the height of Victorian optimism. For this society, which had learned the mechanical art of multiplication, had neglected the ethical art of division. Hence, though the condition of the worker actually improved, it did not do so sufficiently to counteract his discontents or overcome his natural anxieties. But that familiar problem I bring up here only to lay aside for one that has as yet gained far less recognition: the effect of uncontrolled quantitative production when the system of distribution *is* fully adequate. This is perhaps, when fully considered, an even more difficult problem to solve; and to bring it home I shall draw my concrete example from one of the oldest departments of mass production and standardization: that of printing. No single invention, probably, has had more radical effects upon the social order than printing from movable

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

types; for at one stroke it broke the class monopoly of culture for the first time. He who learned to read progressively had access to every part of the social heritage in a society whose boundaries were in process of continued extension. That was, without doubt, a gigantic social gain, for it laid the basis not merely for a democratic system of government but for a democratic culture, just as the machine generally, by raising the burden of servile human labor, had made it possible to achieve leisure and education without slavery.

Nevertheless this great invention has brought penalties that have, only in our own time, become fully apparent. I do not refer to the dangers of economic surplus, to the gluts and overflow of the market; I refer to the fact that even under the best economic arrangements, we still have evolved no rational means for controlling, either at source or at destination, the current output of printed matter and reducing it to humanly manageable dimensions. Before the printing press was invented, the difficulty of reproducing manuscripts by hand automatically reduced the quantity of books in circulation, often probably to a lower point than was intellectually or socially desirable. But by now just the opposite of this has happened: the mere multiplication of our mechanical facilities has so swollen the output of printed matter, that if any human being attempted to keep up with it in the most cursory way, he would have no time left for any other activity. The result is another paradox, sometimes called, as William Cobbett first called it, starvation in the midst of plenty. One might also characterize it as the poverty of overproductivity. So far we have invented only two minor devices for lessening some of the minor defects of this plenitude: one is the useful, but nevertheless dangerous habit of skimming; the other is the device of specialization. Each specialist, by agreement, pays attention to the narrów column of water that works his particular turbine, and automatically rejects contributions that flow in any other channels; even as he turns aside, perhaps more decisively, from the broad silt-laden river of human experience from which all these activities derive.

Do you imagine, perhaps, that there is a mechanical cure for this mechanical disease? Only politeness keeps me from characterizing this desperate hope as wishful thinking; for the fact is that the attempt to cope with quantification by publishing compendiums, abstracts, synopses, from *Science Abstracts* to *The Reader's Digest* or its

(*Continued on page* 33)

Personal History. *In Ridgely Torrence's recent "The Story of John Hope" you may read about William Jefferson White, no relative, probably, of Walter White, whose autobiography is reviewed below, but, like him, a great fighter for the rights of the Negro. Of white, Indian, and possibly Negro blood, William Jefferson White was not visibly colored. But falling in love with a slave girl before the Civil War, he married her and thus identified himself with the Negro race; and from that time on, as a minister and spiritual leader, he championed the rights of the Negro. Dr. White was an early friend and mentor of John Hope, the great Negro educator, who also was not visibly colored but who chose to fight for his race. And now we have the autobiography of another outstanding "white" Negro—Walter White of the NAACP.*

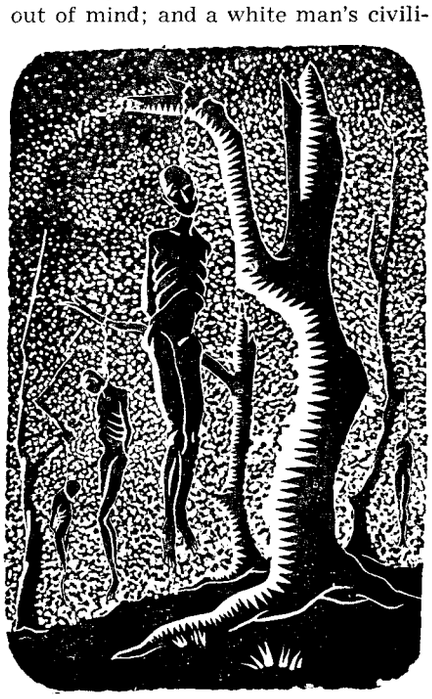
Our Sins of Commission and Omission

A MAN CALLED WHITE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WALTER WHITE. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 384 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by H. A. OVERSTREET

THIS is a book to make a white man hang his head in shame—provided he has enough moral maturity to recognize what is shameful. Nothing like it has been written before. It is a book for the whole white race; a book for woe and repentance.

Not often are we thus pulled up sharp and made to realize how effectively we have contrived to keep our right hand from knowing what our left hand has been doing. Here are scenes of cruelty to innocent people that would rouse most of us to horrified protest if they were enacted within our sight. But out of sight they are out of mind; and a white man's civilization, day after day and decade after decade, goes on being a shame and an abomination.



Walter White, secretary for more than thirty years of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, tells the story of his and his association's fight to save the Negro from the arrogance and oppression of a perverted portion of the white race. A Negro, with a white skin, he was able, early in his career, to investigate lynchings on the spot, mingling among the whites and learning from their own lips the details of their sadistic orgies. One after another of his reports shocked and sickened a world from which the sheer pathology of white perversions had hitherto been kept well hidden. It became increasingly clear that the sickness was a white man's sickness and that the Negro was the victim of bestialities inevitable under conditions of arrested development such as existed among many whites of the South.

In the thirty years that have followed his courageous and always dangerous investigations of lynchings, Walter White has been present at practically every racial storm center. Large rewards have been offered in Southern states for anyone who would "get Walter White"; but Walter White lives today, still swift to respond to calls for help, in an America that has begun at last to be conscious of the infamy of its prejudiced perversions.

The book should be read by every white man who cares about human dignity. Here are the terrible facts. Here names are named: Southern names and Northern names; names of those high in power—in politics, Army and Navy, business and social life; names of those low in power but high

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in meanness potential—sheriffs, chiefs of police, bus drivers, jailers, village despots. But, in fact, *we are all named;* for the terrible iniquity of a Christian people denying its Christ not only in every maltreated Negro but in every passing by on the other side, is an iniquity deep in all of us. We may not, to be sure, have done specific things we ought not to have done—like beating a Negro veteran into blindness; but, once we view the long record of cruelty and injustice, it becomes as clear as sunlight that all of us have left undone the things we ought to have done to wipe the shame of this un-Christlike behavior from our midst.

Americans will be more than interested to see the picture drawn of their Army and Navy. During the late war, Mr. White visited the combat areas and made personal investigation of the treatment of Negro soldiers. The report is not pretty reading for Fourth of July patriots. Nor is the record of certain patrioteering politicians in Washington, who are named, a pleasant one to contemplate. The book contains, too, the sorry record of postwar treatment of Negroes, in areas of employment, housing, and medical service for veterans. One of the intensely interesting chapters is that in which Mr. White, as a consultant at the San Francisco conference on the United Nations, tells the inside story of our deliberate abandonment of the moral leadership presupposed by our tradition of democracy.

This is a book on which to cut our social, political, and moral eye teeth. We have lived long enough under the illusion of our unimpeachable democratic virtue. It is time we learned the facts of life.

Gloomy as all this seems, the book ends on a note of encouragement. In the final chapter, Mr. White lists some thirteen "hopeful aspects," running all the way from the elimination of segregation in the graduate and professional schools of the University of Delaware to the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court outlawing restrictive covenants. Of the latter, Mr. White writes:

> The unequivocal language and the unanimity of the Court made constitutional authorities present in the crowded courtroom call the decision the most important assertion of civil rights handed down by the Court since the notorious Dred Scott decision of 1857 which declared that "Negroes have no rights which a white man is bound to respect."

Here are thirteen ways in which we in America are moving toward that "decent respect for the opinions of mankind" which is still the proudest intention of our history.

Just an Error in Judgment

THE DIARY OF PIERRE LAVAL. By Pierre Laval. With an Introduction by Josée Laval. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 240 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

PIERRE LAVAL'S daughter Josée married René de Chambrun, and thus, as the wife of a direct descendant of Lafayette, acquired American citizenship. So far, she has made no more use of this claim on us than to publish this brief book, which is no more than a collection of notes her father scribbled in a French prison in the summer of 1945. The notes were, in effect, notes for his future defense against the charge of treason. He had no documents at hand, and the publisher's term "diary" is thus misleading. This is his informal *apologia pro vita sua,* edited by a loving daughter.

It is, of course, invaluable evidence for the historian of one or two generations after ours, who may be able to treat Laval objectively. For us today, it is one more appeal to emotions already played upon—at least as far as the American public is concerned—to a point where sensitiveness and discernment find hard going. To be brutal: Americans, save for the most faithful lovers of France, have just about concluded that the French are a politically irresponsible and quarrelsome people. This attempt to revive the case of Laval is made at an unhappy moment.

Briefly, what Laval tries here to establish is that he made, in June 1940, an error of judgment which practically all his countrymen made: he judged that Germany would beat Great Britain. In these circumstances, he claims he sought to protect French interests as well as he could. He denies that he ever wanted Germany to win, that he ever liked the Germans, that, in short, he ever "collaborated." Even at Montoire he was, so he maintains, seeking to protect a defenseless France from Hitler, not trying to help Hitler finish off Britain more quickly. In the crisis of 1943, he claims he did his best to stall off Sauckel's claims for French manpower and, indeed, was more successful than the Dutch or the Norwegians in this endeavor. He never, he goes on, even sought to overthrow the Republic; unlike the old marshal, he remained true to the traditions of 1789.

We cannot sensibly anticipate the verdict of history, but it is certain, given human fondness for the underdog, that Laval will one day find a vindicating biographer who will lean heavily on this book. And even the final balance will no doubt be somewhat bent by these few pages. There is in Appendix VII a most interesting document, dated July 5, 1944, in which the real collaborators ask even at that hopeless date for an active alliance with Germany. Its signatories, from De Brinon through Jean Luchaire to Drieux La Rochelle, are the true, the convinced, lovers of Hitler's Germany. Laval was certainly not among them. After his fashion—not a very noble one—he was faithful to Marianne.

—Acme Photo.

Laval arrives to face trial—"He judged that Germany would beat Great Britain."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Hero Without Legending

JOHN J. PERSHING, GENERAL OF THE ARMIES. By Frederick Palmer. Harrisburg, Pa.: The Military Service Publishing Co. 1948. 380 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

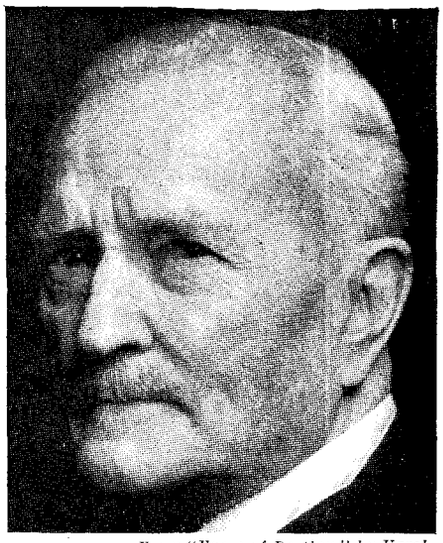
ON the Manchurian battlefields of the Russo-Japanese War, a military observer from the United States Army and an American war correspondent met for the first time. Thus began the long friendship of John J. Pershing and Frederick Palmer that culminates in this authoritative and readable biography. In contrast to the pedestrian style of General Pershing's own memoirs, Colonel Palmer's interpretation of character and analysis of military events is relieved of unessential detail and inconsequential trivia. While this biography has the advantage of being based on personal knowledge and observation, and is quite clearly a labor of love, it achieves a high degree of objectivity. Colonel Palmer served on Pershing's staff in the AEF, but he assures us in his foreword that this is not "an official biography or one authorized by his [Pershing's] heirs." At all events, the Pershing of this biography is a much more human personality than the rigid and unbending soldier of most Americans' imagining.

General Pershing led to victory the first United States Army of millions of men. His influence on our military history, however, was far more profound and enduring than the fruits of that victory. No one has put this more succinctly than General Eisenhower, who, immediately after the German surrender, Colonel Palmer reminds us, cabled the leader of the earlier AEF: "I should like to acknowledge to you . . . our obligation for the part you have played in the present victory . . . The sons of the men you led in battle in 1918 have much for which to thank you."

This generation of Americans can have little doubt of the importance in war of leadership and generalship. Doubtless they have observed that character and personality count at least as much in the successful conduct of war as ability in strategy, tactics, and logistics. In his study of General Pershing, Colonel Palmer is more concerned with strategy and tactics, with the General's relations with statesmen, and with generals of allied armies, than he is with character and personality. Nevertheless, the author is a keen observer of the relation between action and motive. Ordinarily, however, the reader is left to draw his own conclusions concerning character and personality by noting Pershing's words and acts as they influence the events of the history he helped to make.

At West Point, Pershing attained the military *summa cum laude* of the first captaincy in the Corps of Cadets. He won the Silver Star as a lieutenant of cavalry in Cuba. His distinguished service in the Philippines led President Theodore Roosevelt to jump him over the heads of hundreds of officers senior to him to the rank of brigadier general at the age of forty-six. There are some details of the Mexican expedition, but the real purpose of this book is to describe Pershing's leadership of the AEF and its military achievements. In spite of the moves and countermoves of 1917-18, military and political, that Colonel Palmer describes movingly and accurately, this book is always and fundamentally the life and deeds of John J. Pershing. The stupendous events never crowd him off the stage. He is the protagonist in the vast theatre of World War I, and his role is magnificently summarized. His planning, the training system he devised with its emphasis on the traditional characteristics of the American soldier, and his generalship are told by a man who knows whereof he writes. One of Colonel Palmer's best contributions to biography and history is his analysis of Pershing's struggle to maintain an independent American army in the face of French and British efforts to infiltrate American troops into their own units.

Thre is no attempt in this biography to build up a legendary hero. The treatment is generous and sympathetic; the portrait is true. It is the story of this military leader against the background of Germany's defeat in 1918. It is not a character study or a study in psychology, but it is a forthright biography of one of this nation's great soldiers and a history of the Army he led to victory.



—From "Faces of Destiny," by Karsh.

John J. Pershing—"The sons of the men you led in battle in 1918 have much for which to thank you."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

RELATIONSHIPS IN LITERATURE

Agnes Macdonald, of St. Paul, Minn., asks you to show the relationship of the first-named to the second-named in which the two literary characters are found. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 36.

1.	Sairy and Mrs. Harris	( )	aunt
2.	Raskolnikov and Lizaveta	( )	best friend
3.	Touchstone and Audrey	( )	brother
4.	Sophia and Cyril	( )	companion
5.	Mr. Woodhouse and Emma	( )	cousin-and-wife
6.	Jack Burden and Judge Irwin	( )	creator
7.	Joseph and Heathcliff	( )	enchantress
8.	Sue and Jude	( )	father
9.	Messiah and Tirzah	( )	healer
10.	Mrs. Moore and Dr. Aziz	( )	husband
11.	Circe and Ulysses	( )	mistress
12.	Charles and Emma	( )	murderer
13.	Odette and Swann	( )	petitioner
14.	Faithful and Christian	( )	same person
15.	Jeannie and Queen Caroline	( )	servant
16.	Miss Pinkerton and Amelia	( )	sister
17.	Monks and Edward Leeford	( )	son
18.	Maggie and Tom	( )	stepmother
19.	Dum and Dee	( )	suitor
20.	Isabel and Pansy	( )	teacher

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *Four of the ten books reviewed this week are war novels, though only two deal with men in uniform. It is a coincidence that both James Gould Cozzens's "Guard of Honor" and Irwin Shaw's "The Young Lions" must be rated with the best American war fiction. Mr. Shaw has already won his spurs on other fields than the novel, but his story of the development and the meeting in Germany of three soldiers, one of them a German, is a thoroughly mature work. Mr. Cozzens is already established as one of our foremost novelists. The conflict between the civilian in uniform and the professional soldier as it is revealed on a Florida airfield must enhance his reputation. Both of the remaining war novels, Giuseppe Berto's "The Sky Is Red" and Edita Morris's "Charade" are tragic stories of adolescent children caught and destroyed in the web of war.*

The Folks to Fight With

THE YOUNG LIONS. By Irwin Shaw. New York: Random House. 1948. 689 *pp.* $3.95.

Reviewed by LEE ROGOW

SOME years back, Irwin Shaw wrote a memorable short story entitled "Act of Faith." In it, a Jewish soldier in the American Army cherishes a souvenir Luger because of this foreboding that some day—if the United States should go Fascist—he might have to use the weapon against his present comrades-in-arms. In the end, the soldier sells his precious pistol and spends the money on a party with his buddies, for he decides that it is impossible to live with an inner conviction of doom, that no existence is thinkable unless it is rooted in the belief that decency will triumph over hate.

A similar declaration of faith furnishes the climax of Irwin Shaw's rich, skilful, superbly readable first novel, "The Young Lions." The book is the story of three soldiers, two in the United States Army, one in the *Reichswehr,* during the world-changing years from New Year's Eve, 1938, to the moment of Allied victory in Europe. Of the three, the most complex is Michael Whitacre, a stage manager in the New York theatre and the archetype of the so-called "confused liberal." Michael's conscience prods him to engage in meaningful political activity, yet his rejection of the religiosity and dogma of the Far Left prevents him from associating himself with any organized group; he envies those who fight for their beliefs, yet he is too much concerned with present comfort to go fling himself on the barricades. Spurred by a sense of guilt, hamstrung by indecision, he settles for sending an occasional check to the Spanish Loyalists and drinking more than is good for him.

When the Second World War comes, Michael almost welcomes the opportunity for purposive action. He goes into the Army as a private, spurning a cushy desk job. In the training camp, he sees a demonstration of soul-sickening brutality when ten huskies in a platoon gang up on one 135-pound Jewish boy named Noah Ackerman. This experience, coupled with the other gritty realities of life in the citizen army, undermines Michael's resolution to identify himself with the war effort. He grabs that desk job and stays with it, in one form or another, until almost the end of the war. At the finish, conscience, with strong assistance from boredom, drives him to the battle lines; and it is here, under the tutelage of the same youth whose persecution he has witnessed in the training camp, that Michael Whitacre finds a basis for faith.

Noah Ackerman, the second of the three central figures in this book, is a shy, tentative boy who has been rattling around rather aimlessly in a hostile world. A good friend and a tender love affair start Noah on the path toward manhood. In battle (first with his anti-Semitic Army comrades, then with the Germans) he travels the rest of the difficult road to dignity and self-reliance.

The third of the soldiers is a Nazi, Christian Diestl, an Austrian ski instructor, who joins the party out of resentment of the poverty and humiliation of his fatherland. Christian's story mirrors the grim saga of the German people. They begin as fundamentally civilized human beings, smarting under a sense of frustration and personal violation. To satisfy their psychic hunger, they give themselves to the brutes among them and are then misled through successive stages of resurgence, triumph, bitterness, defeat, and despair, until they descend to a level of vicious subhumanity.

Shaw tells of the experiences of the three in a series of brief episodes which are rather like individual short stories, bringing us at last to the inevitable moment when they all meet somewhere in Germany during the death struggles of the Third Reich. It is during these closing moments of the war that Michael Whitacre plucks one kernel of meaning from all this Grand-Guignolism. That kernel is this: there are blackness, evil, confusion, hate, and at times these may seem to overwhelm us, but here and there one may find a man who will act decently toward other men. If all such men will fight together for their kind of world, there is some reason to stay alive as a member of the human race.

It is interesting that Irwin Shaw and Norman Mailer—with whose "The Naked and the Dead" this book inevitably will be compared—should have gone to the same war and come back with such dissimilar conclusions. In Mailer's world, people are so cruel-

To Any Complacent Lady

By Margaret Stavely

IF, THROUGH the genteel patter of your days,
you hear a rat nibble or a snake
runs over your foot and fascinates your gaze;
or if your plans, so carefully laid, should break,
as your fine vase did, made of antique glass
in which light flowed from many sides,
let out no cry of anguish. Let them pass,
these little painful frights, the thing that glides.
Instead, think of a man who saw and now can't see;
or hungry women where the plates are full;
or wind-swayed bodies hanging from a tree;
or babies washed and wrapped for burial.
Then quickly find some dark and lonely place
and wring your hands and cover up your face.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irwin Shaw—". . . one may find a man who will act decently toward other men."

ly hurt during their lifetimes that they must become disturbed, lonely beings who live with each other as strangers and enemies. War, to Mailer, is never anything but an organized and outrageously pointless outlet for the immense reservoir of human savagery. To believe in anything, in such a universe, is a sucker's game, for what awaits you is meaningless death—the fate of Lieutenant Hearn in "The Naked and the dead."

This is Mailer's dusty answer. But Shaw, having heard the same artillery, having seen the same untidy dead, having sensed the terror and envy which lie in most men, can believe in the good people and in the necessity for fighting beside such people.

Shaw has faults as a writer. In "The Young Lions" there is almost none of the careful sifting of subconscious motivations which we have come to expect from modern novelists. His people seem actorish and thin as compared with the three-dimensional characterizations in the Mailer book. This failing of Shaw's is especially apparent in his women; there is not one completely realized female in all these pages. The dialogue, which is mostly brilliant, occasionally reveals a limitation in range; too often, men and women of widely divergent backgrounds sound exactly the same.

But these are really minor carpings. What counts is that Shaw has turned out a fine, full, intelligent book, packed with wonderful talk and crackling writing. We have waited a long time for this novel of Irwin Shaw's. In "The Young Lions" he reveals in even greater stature the delicious wit, the dramatic sense of scene-making, and the fullhearted compassion of his short stories.

Overwhelming the Innocent

CHARADE. By Edita Morris. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 183 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRY BULL

THE *New Yorker* reviewer Brendan Gill finds William Maxwell's "Time Will Darken It" an advance over his previous books "in that its field of action is almost exclusively adult. It is no mean thing to write well of children and adolescents, as Mr. Maxwell has done before, but novels written as if seen through the eyes of children or adolescents cannot be, in any large sense, serious."

I should like to hear him debate this subject with Edita Morris, whose "Charade," written from the viewpoint of a fourteen-year-old German refugee, is as serious in intent as "The Plague." Like Camus, Mrs. Morris has made a modern parable out of the suffering with which war and pestilence overwhelm the innocent, but since her narrator is a highly emotional adolescent girl who has spent two-thirds of her life under Nazi rule and one-third of it fleeing the Nazis, her conclusions are naturally less realistic, less convincing, and less philosophical than those of the disciplined narrator of "The Plague," Dr. Rieux. Or, in the words of Mr. Gill, "in any large sense" less serious.

If at first it seems unfair to expose "Charade" to comparison with what might easily be remembered as the outstanding book of the year, may I suggest that in addition to the mutual problem of exile and to the similarity of subject and method already mentioned, there are other relations involved which lead us to some interesting propositions.

In the first place, Camus "was there" and Mrs. Morris wasn't; he has transposed his experiences in the underground of occupied France to the city of his actual birth, visited by a symbolic plague. His cast is limited almost entirely to men, brilliantly expanded from different facets of his own speculative personality. His objectivity has been hard won, and is the more effective for that reason.

Now Mrs. Morris, born a Swede and living through the war years in America, has had to lean too heavily on her imagination for the story of a Berlin family hiding out in war-stricken Poland. Kampenhausen, the father of the family, one of those stiff, academic German poets of the theatre, is evidently well known to her. He is the father-authority whose work is so important and whose word so unquestioned that his wife must take along on their flight a Viennese actress because, "like Goethe," he needs a beautiful woman for inspiration. Magda, who has no more substance than a Sacher tart, is also a type well observed by the author. And on the wife and son the effects of environment, past and present, are familiar enough and understandable. But little Lili, the daughter in whose words the whole sad story is unfolded, is sometimes an adolescent member of the Kampenhausen family and at other times a precocious outlet for the author's own emotions. In the latter aspect she is the champion of humanity, the protagonist of right in a world of wrong, and must bear the brunt of criticism for the novel's inconsistencies. It is through her that we get the same unchildlike urge toward pacifism, indeed against the taking of any life, that also animates Camus's pages. But she sees too much and knows too much to be taken seriously in a large sense, as Mr. Gill would have it. It is too difficult to separate the author from the narrator, and, at the same time, they will not fuse. It is here that the problem of blending experience, imagination, and a moral is too much for even so sensitive and subjective an artist as Edita Morris. And the schisms become more acute when we are dealing with her fable characters: an old peasant mother and Roslein the cow, an armless Polish soldier struck dumb by shock, and the orphaned children who live so poorly by marauding expeditions from their cellar home.

These victims are seen through the eyes of a romantic girl; they live in fairyland, which may be as distinct a reality of Mrs. Morris's childhood as were the streets of Oran in the boy-

Edita Morris's child "sees too much and knows too much to be taken seriously."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hood of Albert Camus; but already we have learned to expect Lili to show the grown-up judgment of Mrs. Morris. And so, in spite of many moving passages, "Charade" recalls its title by breaking up into scenes that are sometimes only arbitrarily connected by the choice of the director.

Mrs. Morris has too much heart and too much talent to write a poor book, or even a novel no better than the average. But no matter how worthy her cause, in assuming the child's viewpoint of an altogether unfamiliar situation she has carried too great a handicap.

Machiavelli in Alabama

DEVIL MAKE A THIRD. By Douglas Fields Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 383 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN S. MILLS, JR.

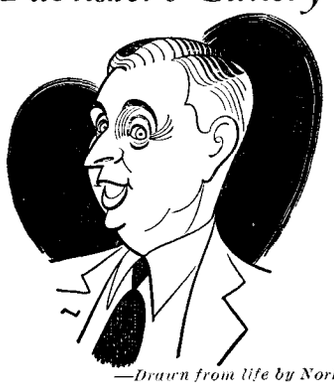
IT'S a refreshing experience, these days, to pick up a period novel—which also happens to be a first novel—and find in it both careful devotion to character and honest comment on American culture. It is even more refreshing when that comment is made so completely through character that one seems quite inseparable from the other. "Devil Make a Third" is all of these things, and—with allowances for the fact that it is a first go—perhaps more. For in Mr. Bailey's saga of the turn-of-the-century urbanization of an Alabama town, seen through the eyes of the man who virtually single-handed brought its growth about, there can be found some profound, unstated conjectures as to the nature of the lust for power in a man, its association with frontier America, and the brawny heritage of American enterprise. It is a creditable piece of work.

From the first to the closing page, Mr. Bailey's story never leaves the side of big, lusty, amiable Buck Bannon. Buck is very simply a strong man. With a massive, unsentimental (and/or immoral, depending on where you sit) thirst for domination, which Buck explains to himself as a desire to win anything he sets his mind to, he arrives as a rube farm boy of eighteen in the backwater Alabama town of Aven just a length ahead of the industrial revolution—in the form of a railroad spur. And when we leave him, about thirty years, two wives, and several million dollars later, he has *become* Aven. Colossus-like, he stands athwart it politically, financially, and (perhaps most peculiarly American of all his achievements) in property ownership.

It is an odd and significant fact that although "Devil Make a Third" must be thus synopsized as the story of a man's climb to urban power, its author tells us little if anything about the specific means by which Buck Bannon achieves his Machiavellian ends. Rather than explain how, Mr. Bailey seems to prefer to investigate why. True, at first we do witness some of the seamy deeds Buck believed were necessary to achieve his ends: we see Buck as a usurous teen-age moneylender; we catch him in ruthless twenty-one-year-old villainies which are quite legal. But more and more, as the story progresses, Mr. Bailey unfolds his saga by selecting only intimate scenes in Buck's personal life. He avoids dramatizing the public scenes, and substitutes hearsay, reference, occasional soliloquies by Buck, and sporadic episodes in a pretentious "chorus" device for the scenes themselves. Instead of seeing Buck express his deep, insatiable hungers in public actions, we watch the effect of those action on his personal life. And from the succession of intimates personal scenes, we begin to draw conclusions of what the public scenes must have been. From a poker game, in which Buck quietly breaks the arm of a colleague caught dealing off the bottom of the deck, we can imagine two-score meetings between Buck and the ward bosses and politicians we never meet. From Buck's tough, implacable fight with his equally tough mother for control of the money he has amassed, we can project innumerable boardroom meetings with unintroduced Aven financiers. It is always in terms of character, rather than incident, that Mr. Bailey regards the lust for power. We concentrate on the fabric of a man and from the man measure the fabric of an era. This is a highly creditable approach to the task of writing a novel.

Although Mr. Bailey seems to want to avoid editorialization as to Buck's merits and demerits as a social being, I'm afraid that the very absence of the seamier public scenes somewhat gilds his portrait. Buck fares a little too well in Mr. Bailey's hands. Many men who have performed major evils sincerely like to kiss babies and help the poor—and since we see Buck only intimately we witness only the baby-kissing and the Robin Hooding. The artist has flattered his model, and painted out the moles. To me this is a serious flaw; in losing some of its objectivity, the novel loses some of its not inconsiderable stature as American comment.

Publisher's Gallery



—*Drawn from life by Norkin.*

XV: Frederick Coykendall

FREDERICK COYKENDALL is a natural-born manager, and Columbia, his alma mater (A.B., 1895; A.M., C.E., '97), is still using his abilities when most of his contemporaries have retired to the sidelines. His duties as president of Columbia University Press take him to the campus several times a week, although, he insists, Director Charles G. Proffitt "does all the work." Back in the Twenties when he was managing director he was instrumental in stimulating a $9,000-a-year business toward its current seven-figure annual intake—with a large edition of Milton as initial hypodermic. He's had a seat on Columbia's board of trustees for 32 years, been head since 1933. Hamilton College once garlanded him with "leading trustee" and an LL.D., and he has received his own university's Class of '89 medal "for achievement."

Columbia now owns a good part of his 20,000-volume collection of poetry, early periodicals, and 17th- and 18th-century romance writers. He is author of "A Note on the Monk," compiler of "Arthur Rackham: A List of Books Illustrated by Him." In recent years he has eschewed big-game hunting—"I've chased from Newfoundland to Alaska and shot most everything in America"—in favor of trips to California to see his only daughter. His lone grandson, 20, evinces no interest in the family business, Cornell Steamboat Co., of which Mr. Coykendall is president (Pier 93, North River).

He is a "joiner," and titles have been a-dime-a-dozen in his life. Membership in at least two societies—Holland and St. Nicholas—testify to early 17th-century Dutch ancestors on American soil. He finds his new chief Eisenhower "very fascinating," but as a chalkline Republican sees him only in the role of *university* president.—E. P. H.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War: Amateur vs. Pro vs. Children

THE SKY IS RED. By Giuseppe Berto. New York: New Directions. 1948. 397 *pp.* $3.50.

GUARD OF HONOR. By James Gould Cozzens. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 631 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

ALL wars, as we know, are fought ultimately against children. At one time that was a sad opinion held by some, not many, adults; no child knew it, nor would any child have understood it if it were told him. Now, today, so rapidly have we raced downward toward darkness, this is known to hundreds, to thousands of children in Europe and they understand it completely. Writers have written around this, have approached it obliquely, held back by the horror of what they knew; motion pictures, such as "Shoe Shine" and "Open City," have stated this, and have been praised in this country and elsewhere for the artistry with which they have been made and for the emotion which they have aroused. And there is still today talk about the next war and when it will happen and who will win, but I have never heard it referred to, nor have you, as the next war against the children.

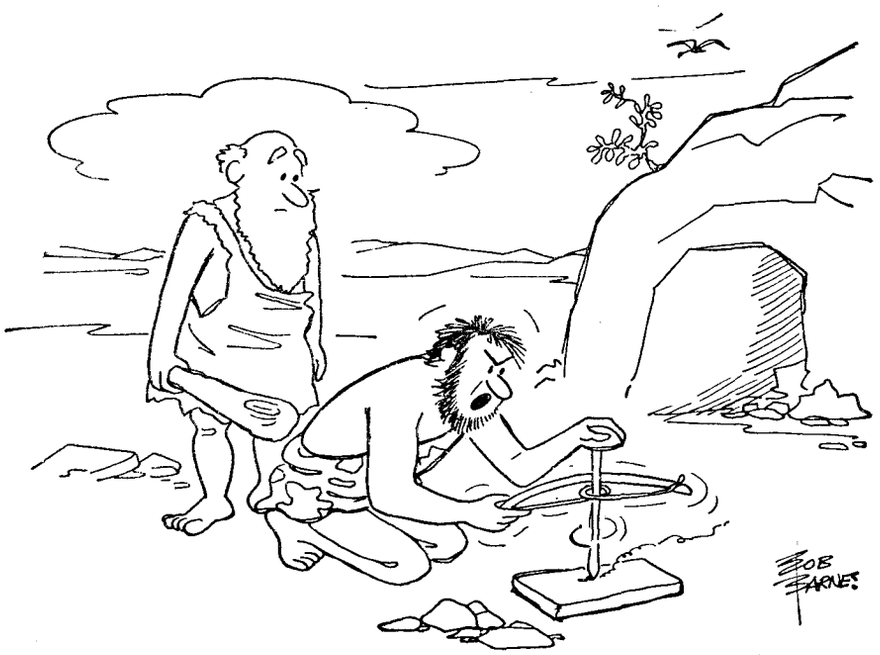
I have been reading about some children in Italy whose lives were hideously deformed by the war which we and nobody won. It is written with great beauty and passion by an Italian officer who spent, incidentally, three years as a prisoner-of-war in Texas. Now he is not a prisoner-of-war, nor an enemy. He is back in Italy being what he really is, a really fine writer. I do not know when I have or will read a more piercing book, one so sorrowful and simple, so tender and despairing and direct as "The Sky Is Red." It is almost entirely about four adolescent children—two boys and two girls—who are tragically displaced within themselves as well as physically, and who attempt, almost traumatically, to make some kind of life for themselves within the bony stench, the nightmare ruin and disorder of a shattered town. Carla, who was fifteen and was very pretty, found a way, not a way she wanted, but one that was plainly pointed. There were Americans in the town, and a pretty little Italian girl could welcome the American soldiers, night after night, at so much a welcome. Carla and Tullio, who was sixteen, had been in love with each other when the bombs came, but what good to love truly if one cannot live to be in love. Tullio flitted like a chipmunk among the stones of the town at night, and brought things home. At sixteen he was a Communist, and at sixteen he was dead, shot down by the police when he and some other old men of fifteen or sixteen tried to hijack a truck. Giulia was a frightened, sickly girl of thirteen, and when Daniele came to their hideaway, running away from the religious school in search of his dead father and mother, Giulia loved him speechlessly. When Tullio was killed, and Giulia died of the lung sickness, Daniele went away too. He did not quite know why he had to go, except that the ruined Carla frightened and fascinated him, and it seemed that, after all, there must be some place a boy could go, even in a world that had so inexplicably lost all its familiar contours. Daniele did not go far; he had already gone, without realizing it, further than any boy of fourteen should have gone, even in a long life. He cowered in a coal car on a train going nowhere through the night and took off all his clothes and, probably because he had learned their great value, gave them to the fields beside the train. Then he stepped down between the wheels.

That is about all there is to "The Sky Is Red" by way of story, but that is all there is, I suppose, to many simple tragedies which may be found, not only in this book, but in a hundred trampled towns of Western Europe. That is something most of us know, and wish we didn't. But it is good to have it stated as Giuseppe Berto states it, with direct, accusing, brilliant honesty. If we cannot face horror and heartbreak any other way, we can take it more easily if it is enclosed in art. "The Sky Is Red" is written very quietly, the anger and the pity are there, and very deeply, but almost everyone who reads it will be able to hear it, and hear it all through them. In its way, this book makes more noise than the bombs which fell in the last war against the children.

* * *

I REMEMBER reading, during the war, a letter from a friend of mine in training in Florida. "I sat this afternoon in the brilliant sunshine," he wrote bitterly, "and felt the decencies slipping from me, one by one." He is a sensitive and thoughtful man and hence, perhaps, was not a very good soldier, and he had, on this particular occasion, been subjected to a routine indoctrination, of doubtful anthropological value, which was concerned with the extraordinary similarity between the Japanese people and the lesser anthropoids. I thought of him several times as I was reading James Gould Cozzens's new novel, "Guard of Honor," which is about amateur and professional soldiers stationed at a great air base in Florida in 1943, and which, among other things, presents objectively, compassionately, and brilliantly the grating conflict between the civilian-in-uniform and the career-soldier: the one troubled and questioning, enduring a profound sense of dislocation, uncomfortably accepting the war as a tragic, perhaps-not-unavoidable disaster; the other engrossed and exhilarated, at splendid ease in the familiar climate of action and authority.

Mr. Cozzens has done this so superbly in this solid, supple, deeply-informed, and informing novel that I now have the pleasant task of revising



"These things *never* work . . . I got this one for my birthday."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upward my already high opinion of his work. It seems to me that all of the several and great abilities which he has shown in the seven novels which have preceded "Guard of Honor" are present in this book, and are under an even surer command. Among them is what another reviewer, writing of a previous novel, has called "his talent for absorbing and recreating the routine of a given profession." I do not wish to rob Mr. Cozzens, or anyone, of a talent, but it could be that this would require, along with talent, a diligence, a kind of creative non-laziness, which makes him willing to underlay his novels with a thick mat of thoroughly digested information, not only of the routine, but of the *minutiae* of the routine, which enables him to work within that frame of reference with full familiarity and free selection, so that the effect of authenticity is never obtrusive, never separate, does not appear as material which has been conned or checked, but becomes, imperceptibly and rightly, an essential part of the fabric of the story.

Besides this carefully-wrought authenticity, which we have come to expect from Mr. Cozzens, he has brought to this account of three tense, calamitous days at Ocanara Air Base his great technical skill, an impersonality which is at once cool and compassionate, a quick, recording ear for dialogue, and, of first importance, an extraordinary understanding of people. As a result "Guard of Honor," twice blessed by industriousness and talent, is a powerful, disturbing, and important book.

In command of the enormous air base at Ocanara is Major General Ira Beal, at forty-one the youngest two-star general in the Air Force. General Beal believed in God, the Air Force, himself, and, although he played it down a lot, in the color of brass—a brave, naive, disarming man whom nearly everybody liked. Among those at Ocanara who liked "Bus" Beal were Colonel Ross, the air inspector on the general's staff, a judge in civil life, and Lieutenant Colonel Benny Carricker, a reckless, brutalized young fighter pilot who was the general's protege. When General Beal landed his new command plane at the base one Thursday night in September 1943, he nearly cracked up because a B-26 had roared in on the runway ahead of him. The fact that it was piloted by a Negro officer, arriving with his crew to begin a new training project at Ocanara, didn't keep Beal's co-pilot, Benny Carricker, from knocking the Negro down. By the following Saturday night a great many things had happened at Ocanara, few of which General Beal understood. There was trouble about the Negro officers' being admitted to the Officers' Club, and the brass up in Washington seemed to have two answers for everything; it was embarrassing that when General Nichols came down from headquarters with a complimentary medal for Beal he also had one, for bravery, for the young Negro whom Benny Carricker had put in the hospital

I have reluctantly, and of necessity, skimped the story of "Guard of Honor," which is rich and full and dense with character and incident. There is, in the conventional sense, no hero; there are a few quiet heroes, and there are some small, costly heroisms. It is as much Colonel Ross's story as General Beal's, and as much Captain Hicks's and Lieutenant Amanda Turck's, of the WAC, as theirs. The emotion and impact of this book, which are very great, come out of the tangencies and conflicts, the interplay of personalities, made vivid, immediate, and memorable by Mr. Cozzens's complete, continuous command of his material. "Guard of Honor," it seems to me, is the finest work so far of an absolutely first-rate American writer.

Business of Deodorizing Big Business

NOBODY'S FOOL. By Charles Yale Harrison. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 300 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

HUCKSTERS or hoaxsters, there is not too much difference between the Madison Avenue advertising-account boys and the high-salaried public-relations consultants around town. Judging by Mr. Harrison's novel, which is a chrome-plated special in the Wakeman tradition, the public-relation boys also live in an alcoholic haze, take benzedrine, and suffer from ulcers. Now and then one like Jack Sherrod, senior associate of a streamlined public relations outfit, Jefferson Clarke & Associates, indulges in a little fake wrestling with his soul before topping it off with a couple of seconals. But even Jack Sherrod is fascinated by the power and the dazzle of beautiful women, expensive clothes, a swank apartment, and a well-stocked liquor cabinet that his salary as a public-relations specialist can buy.

—*Disraeli.*

Charles Yale Harrison—"occasionally caustic . . . also very heavy-handed."

Sherrod was able to see that working for Jeff Clarke was almost like performing the role of a peacetime Goebbels. For there were times when Sherrod, even feared that Clarke, with his ruthless schemes, might turn into a Huey Long or Hitler. Sherrod saw it all—"a modern ministry of propaganda, plus some of the policy-formulating powers of a Presidential cabinet, plus a shrewd collective knowledge of the modern, scientific use of hokum by men who took themselves lightly, but who took their work seriously"—that was Jefferson Clarke & Associates assembled at one of their regular Monday morning Plans Board meetings. They were a smooth-running organization. It was their job to deodorize the bad smells of big business; and they beguiled themselves into believing that they were the brain-trusters and the intelligentsia of industry. Then they started meddling with the inviolable by creating a "Common Man." Their manhunt ended in Jackson City, Missouri, where they found Alan Barbour, weight 154 lbs., with dark cowlick, winning smile, and the ability to laugh at himself sometimes. He was to be their guinea pig, to help them anticipate public opinion. Instead, he came near turning out to be the gimmick that helped shape public opinion, just another smart publicity gadget to lure the suckers, before he denounced them as unscrupulous hoaxsters.

Yes, Mr. Harrison is determined to make this story end the way most Gary Cooper films do. Barbour, the honest yokel, throws aside fame and fortune and goes back to the small town with the woman of his choice, ready to trade in her air-conditioned nightmare and top salary promotion job for a rustic dream on the old homestead. And as for Jack Sherrod, we leave him still moving toward that goal labeled success, which might be

(*Continued on page* 29)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Psychiatry. *The psychiatrist, and particularly his more specialized cousin the psychoanalyst, must not only undergo a most exhaustive training but must also be in himself a well-balanced and almost psychic personality in order to probe successfully into the minds of his patients. Less than a thousand reputable psychoanalysts are now practising in this country, yet there is an urgent need for many more than a thousand. And general interest in the subject is at an all-time high, as is shown by the vast numbers of popular books on psychiatry which have appeared since the war. From the flux of such books we review below a number of useful titles covering the recent history of psychiatry, a popularization of its theories, the problems of the psychoanalyst himself, and an interesting excursion into history by a well known psychoanalyst, Dr. Bychowski.*

Father-Substitute for Collective Ego

DICTATORS AND DISCIPLES. From Caesar to Stalin. By Gustav Bychowski, M.D. New York: International Universities Press. 1948. 264 *pp.* $4.25.

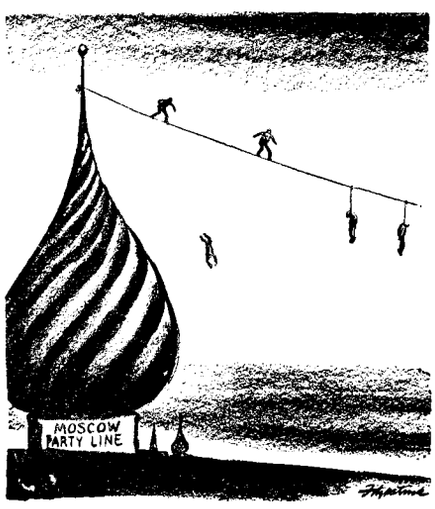
Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

IN 1935 Dr. Bychowski visited Sigmund Freud. "How can we devote our time and energy to curing a few individuals at a time like this when our entire civilization, our very existence, is imperiled?" Freud answered that psychoanalysts could not save mankind but that they could help by popularizing their knowledge; if psychoanalysis became a part of universal thought, "the day might come when these horrifying reactions of the collective psyche would no longer be possible."

Years passed, and Dr. Bychowski's native country fell under the boots of both of the great dictators of our era. Then his only son, a navigator in the RAF Polish Squadron, was lost in the struggle. Toward the close of the war one of the dictators also died and a lesser dictator, Mussolini, who is unfortunately not mentioned in Dr. Bychowski's book, perished too. The last dictator still lives.

The survival of Stalin gives this essay in a new field, the psychoanalytic interpretation of history, its topical significance. Of all the modern dictators Stalin alone has succeeded in systematizing despotism, in making tyranny a part of universal thought, in breaking through the barriers of national and local self-government, in smashing down the racial, social, and economic differences between Russia and many other nations of the world by a combination of force and sociological sophistry. Hard as he tried, Hitler was never able to export Nazism. Communism crosses every border, duty-free.

Dr. Bychowski analyzes dictatorship as a form of mental disease and handles it according to the common rules of clinical procedure, which begin with diagnosis as a first step. Five dictators are examined: Caesar, Cromwell, Robespierre, Hitler, and Stalin. Since Dr. Bychowski is an analyst of the orthodox Freudian school, uncontaminated by the deviations of Horney, Sullivan, and Fromm, any reader who has looked through the master's "Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego" will find himself on familiar ground. Each case of dictatorship really presents two problems: the dictator, and what elements in his life-history led him, or enabled him, to become that way; and what circumstances led the people, "the collective," to allow him to dictate. In simple language the answer is that in every case they suffered unbearable misfortune and chose him, more or less deliberately, as a father-substitute.



—*Fitzpatrick in* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Uneasy Path."

Like all psychoanalysts, Dr. Bychowski is far more successful in explaining the oddities of individual—in the present instances, dictatorial—behavior than in throwing new light upon the collective acceptance of such persons as arbiters of life and death. One hesitates to generalize about history; it is a touchy business, but apparently we will always have madmen among us. The question is why we elect them from time to time. Dr. Bychowski's clearest reply occurs in the chapter on Hitler, which is far and away the best in the book.

> Social, economic, and political conditions prevalent in Germany had tremendously weakened the collective ego. The higher levels of the superego had broken down and there was a need of new ideals as a sustaining force. Under the influence of severe injuries, the collective ego, torn by fear, unrest, and anxiety for the future, was prepared to accept any promises and became submissive to suggestions in the shape of commands, imprecations of hatred, and ancient myths. This situation was exploited by the apostle of fanaticism, whose image supplanted the old undermined ideals. He gave the masses the certainty of future victory, the certainty that was so essential to them.

So much for the masses, but what about Hitler's motives in becoming a dictator? Why did he try to give them what they wanted? Because he could thus effect "an immense transposition of his own complexes and attitudes to the field of political reality as a whole." He had concentrated within himself the desire for might and force which they manifested in lesser degree.

Dr. Bychowski literally illuminates the nature of this drive for power by referring to the psychology of pyromania, an aberration which he has been studying for the past thirty years. We know, he says, that setting fire has a definite symbolic and economic meaning; it expresses the essential drives postulated by psychoanalytic theory. Arson represents a discharge of both the erotic libido and the destructive libido, of love and hate. "In one of my own cases, frustrated love found its outlet in a fire which symbolically destroyed surrounding reality." The psychopathic individual protests against a situation that he dislikes by putting a match to its environment. Hitler began by burning the Reichstag and followed up this first triumph by ceremonial burnings of books throughout Germany.

However, the problem that is now

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with us is Stalin, the last of the major dictators. A sizable segment of our population, from the psychoanalytic point of view a group of persons too large for individual treatment, is prepared to accept any promises from Stalin and is submissive to his suggestions in the shape of commands, imprecations of hatred, and ancient myths. Can psychoanalysis help us to cope with our fellow-citizens who labor under the strange delusion that they are members of the Russian ruling class, through membership in a branch of the Communist Party of the USSR, to wit, the Communist Party of the USA? Like a good physician Dr. Bychowski evaluates his diagnosis in a thoroughly practical spirit.

> In the sphere of fanatic ideas, with which we are at present concerned, differentiation between individual elements, particularly the emotional and factual, may be entirely impossible because what rises up from the dark depths of blind emotions speedily becomes rationalized and, conversely, rational ideas become forthwith surrounded by an aura of myth and emotion.

This leaves the reviewer nothing more to say.

ABC's and X's of Psychiatry

LISTENING WITH THE THIRD EAR. By Theodor Reik. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1948. 514 *pp.* $6.

YOU AND PSYCHIATRY. By William C. Menninger and Munro Leaf. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 175 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JULE EISENBUD, M. D.

THE practice of psychoanalysis is an art. It can be taught only up to a certain point. Beyond this, a practitioner is lost if he does not possess a fundamental capacity to feel his way into a patient, at time almost to be that patient in some mysterious way that is rather loosely covered by the term "identification." This basic capacity for psychological insight, a quality having little to do with intelligence or intellect or theoretical knowledge, can never be taught any more than a gift for music or mathematics can be taught. One either has it or one doesn't, and if one doesn't, no amount of training will make one a good psychoanalyst. Great writers have always had it, and this is what makes their characterizations so rich, so deep, so unerringly true.

In "Listening with the Third Ear" Reik sets himself to grapple with the problem of how understanding comes to the psychoanalyst. Using many case illustrations, he attempts to describe what goes on in the analyst's mind as he listens to his patients and to explore the processes whereby he is able to achieve the insights he communicates to them. The result is a book that is sometimes brilliant and often profound. But at the end we know just as little about psychological insight as we knew before (which is little enough) although we have learned a good deal about Reik, his personality, problems, and methods of work.

In a sense, Reik's failure is the failure of a method limited by its primary assumption: the essential separateness of individual minds. With this assumption, virtually unquestioned in Western psychology from Aristotle down, any attempt really to explain how one comes to understand another is bound to fail, and nowhere is this more apparent than in Reik's heroic effort to wrestle the problem to the mat even if it takes him five hundred pages. At the finish, one gets the impression that Reik has exhausted his strength and ingenuity while the problem of basic psychological insight is as fresh as ever.

What Reik attempts to depict mainly is the frustrating, tantalizing struggle of all analysts to penetrate the cunning defenses unconsciously erected not only by their suffering patients but by themselves as well. Analysts know that as far as their patients go, they can perceive for the most part only dim and fleeting shadows on the wall. But every now and then something—something over which they seem to have little control—enables them to face around and catch a glimpse, if only briefly, of the thing-in-itself. At these times they know they are inside the patient, one with the patient. And experienced analysts also know that these are the moments when they have successfully penetrated their own defenses to bring another of their subtle secrets to consciousness. But what is it that has enabled them to do this, if only momentarily, before repression once more supervenes? Which comes first, insight into the patient or insight into themselves? And if the two processes are mutually interdependent, as Reik emphasizes, or better, if it is all one process, what has suddenly dissolved the barriers between the patient's self and the analyst's?

Reik attempts to track down the essential element of psychological insight by going over a number of his case histories and by examining, retrospectively for the most part, his own processes of thought and emotion as he came upon the clues which brought him comprehension. But each time he merges from the labyrinthine exploration of a particular example, the observant reader will be inclined to feel that, as far as accomplishing what he set out to do, Reik has gone through a lot of waste motion. The strong suspicion remains that actually he was at the finish before he started, like a writer of detective fiction whose surprising denouement is not entirely accounted for in terms of the slender clues he has provided his reader. Somehow the subtle odor of *post hoc* clings to every page.

It must be conceded, of course, that in this process of sleight-of-mind, Reik follows in a great tradition. Psychoanalytic authors from Freud down have never consistently been able to demonstrate exactly how they arrived at some of their most penetrating—and, curiously enough, most effectual—insights. And in the practice of analysis, there is often an unexplained gap between what the analyst knows and how he came to know it. This gap may someday disappear if psychologists will ever bring themselves to drop the illusion that in stepping from one room into another they actually don't step from one room into another but really go out of the house, around the block, and back in through a sometimes double-barred window. When the possibility of direct, extrasensory contact between mind and mind is once recognized and explored, we may ultimately come to know something about what Reik, borrowing from Nietzsche, calls "the third ear."

Less ambitious than the Reik book is "You and Psychiatry." This little volume is not subtle, not profound, and obviously does not pretend to be. Meant as a primer for newcomers to the field of popular psychiatric literature, it is ostensibly paced for that section of the public which never quite finished high school, and some of it might even be navigated by advanced mouth-readers. Nevertheless, sophisticates who happen upon the book may find themselves sneaking it from their youngsters and reading it on the sly for the sheer pleasure of getting an interesting story about themselves and their personalities in a simple and effortless way.

In prose that rarely gets more complicated than advertising copy, the authors describe the development and structure of the personality, the more common mental mechanisms and the inner origins of those difficulties in human relationships that are likely

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to make for trouble. Although this is one mainly in Freudian terms, it is done with such admirable simplicity and lucidity that the reader is never made to feel that he is getting only the half of it and that the rest is too dark, too mysterious, and too subtle for his untrained comprehension. Moreover, while he may recognize himself in many of the homely illustrations, nowhere is the reader made to squirm; he is repeatedly assured that every one of us has his moments of morbid misery and even irrationality which, but for the grace of perhaps fortuitous saving factors, might have led us to more severe disturbances.

In the last two chapters, practical aspects of treatment and possible prevention are dealt with. In "If You Go to the Psychiatrist," various types of therapy are described, from psychoanalysis to shock treatment, with appropriate recommendations and warnings. Here the qualifications of the good psychiatrist and psychoanalyst that depend on specific training, and not on any inborn capacities, are outlined. In "The Application to You" some tips on child rearing and mental hygiene are given. It is here, however, that many readers are going to find themselves puzzled for the first time. How, they may honestly want to know, can we learn to "admit our own weaknesses to ourselves and consider how to strengthen or balance them; avoid fooling ourselves about our prejudices and hypocrisy; look for our ambivalences; analyze our hates and look for constructive outlets for them; accept responsibility for our own failures," etc., as well as "exact some fun from whatever we have to do," "vary the diet," and "learn to play"? If the discouraged reader should want to know why this is so, he has only to turn again to the beginning of the book and reread the excellent chapters on "Our Machinery," "Our Orientation," and "Our Training." Particularly pertinent is the opening sentence of Chapter II: "Anything we do, any move we make in life, more often than not, is started by impulses inside us that come from somewhere other than that relatively small portion of us we call our conscious mind."

Not Much Above the Ox and Unicorn

PSYCHIATRY IN A TROUBLED WORLD: Yesterday's War and Today's Challenge. By William C. Menninger, M. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 436 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by
IRVING WILSON VOORHEES, M.D.

THE Menninger brothers, Karl and William, have long been active in establishing a better understanding of the mind, especially here in America. There is, therefore, sufficient authority in so far as experience is concerned for the background of this book, which, let it be said, is no mere compendium of other men's mouthings—a fault too often found in the muddled mass of mental books which is inundating the literary field in flood.

Part I, Section I, has to do with psychiatry in the late war, and takes up the situation prior to that holocaust. Section II considers "The Soldier," his personality, environment, stresses, strains, and emotional supports. Women in the Army have a special chapter, devoted to the WAC organization. Section III deals with clinical observations, such as reactions to combat, psychoses, maladjustments, psyche and soma, malingering, and homosexuality. A fourth section describes the administration and practice of Army psychiatry, and tells of the people who did "the job"; choosing a soldier, diagnosis, the treatment of psychiatric persons, their "evacuation," and a comparison of the psychiatry of World War I with that of World War II.

Part II tells of psychiatry in peace, and requires some two hundred pages of text to outline what we may yet do to improve our outlook on the world in general through a better understanding and control of our individual selves.

One cannot go far into the pages of this book (or any other like text for that matter) without being struck by the ugly fact that mankind has not yet learned to live happily upon this God-given earth. We are told in Genesis, and very plainly too, that Adam and Eve had scarcely been thrust forth from the Garden, before Cain murdered Abel. Myth, mystery, or falsification, he has been murdering him ever since. He has not yet learned to live in spite of the boasted "advances" in science, invention, transportation, and those agencies which should have made for happiness long, long ago. "It is an amazing paradox that our culture can develop such remarkable technological achievements as television and atomic energy, and yet actually go backward in many ways in our social structure." The importance of the family is stressed, and the point is made that its disunity and disintegration bode ill not only for the future of America, but for all mankind: "The situation could well call for a state of national emergency."

Dr. Menninger thinks that unlimited energy and determination should be channeled into the social fabric, and that religious leaders, lawyers, social scientists, educators, physicians, and leaders in general should contribute their utmost to reintegration of the family. Studies of soldier personalities and environment showed an enormous amount of mental ill health, and emotional instability on the part of parents. Since this deviation from the normal affects all levels of society, how can we expect any more and better help from the so-called "educated class" than from the lesser man! Was it not G. K. Chesterton who wrote many years ago, concerning "The Ignorance of the Educated"? The ugly fact seems to be that we are still "dumb," and not so much above the ox and the unicorn as we wish to believe. A ride in the subway will be sufficient proof to the cynic.

The author, nevertheless, puts great faith in psychiatry. It is the one specialty which is not overcrowded. He says that the need for more psychiatrists is "desperate." But what shall we do if some psychiatrists themselves are in need of a mental workout? Are we to take advice and guidance from a mere label?

The whole question may be summed up in the one word evolution. We know that the human body is full of imperfections, biologically. It may be assumed that the human mind still has a long way to go before "working out the beast."

Irving Wilson Voorhees, doctor, teacher, editor, and author, is senior editor of The Medical World *and writes for* The Medical Record. *He teaches medical students at Columbia University and the New York City Medical Center.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Editor
NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN WILLIAM ROSE BENET
HARRISON SMITH JOHN MASON BROWN
Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF MARY GOULD DAVIS
PAUL HENRY LANG DOUGLAS MOORE
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary

Contents Copyrighted, 1948, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Youth Must Be Served

ONE of the commonest observations of foreigners who are surveying with increasing curiosity the American way of life is that we appear not only to be dominated by women, but obsessed by a dream of perpetual youth. The first is an outworn accusation that has been hurled at us for half a century; the second a superficial but nevertheless an accurate statement of a fact that is obvious to anyone who goes to the movies, reads popular novels, and pours over the fiction and advertising pages of magazines with the largest circulation. The young woman who tries to look as if she were an overripe adolescent, the mother who is constantly mistaken in stories for the sister of her own daughter, are only the counterparts of the unfortunate male who at thirty tries to resemble a college junior, and at forty-five hopes that his padded shoulders and confined waistline give him the appearance of a slightly overweight athlete.

There can be no great objection to the ferocity with which advertisers, in their attempts to sell beer, beds, perfumes, underwear, automobiles, dresses, and suits, cling to the notion that as we progress through the years we continue to remain young in heart and in body. But when it comes to the serious affairs of life, when men and women are supposed to put away childish things and behave with discrimination and wisdom, the myth of perpetual youth is both dangerous and silly. It is especially pernicious to any adult conception of the more popular arts. Fiction writers, whose market demands that they must always gallop about on the temporary follies and infatuations of youngsters, become the pitiful slaves of this obsession, when with graying hair and lined faces they try to keep pace in their stories with the latest fashions in the habits and language of adolescence. The skilful advertising artist and the portrait painter are almost invariably depressing cynics at the cocktail hour. It is as tiresome and as artistically unrewarding to reproduce eternally the identical curves and porcelain faces of girl models, as it is to take ten years off a matron's face and figure and yet retain a semblance of her real self, for both know that they are using technical skills worthy of a better cause.

In the theatre and in the movies the effects are devastating. With the exception of the most gifted actresses who have kept their hold on the public, youth must be served, at the expense of artistic experience. The talented woman of forty who through heroic and painful efforts has managed for twenty years to keep her figure and face reasonably young finds that the stage or the picture studio can no longer use her unless she is willing to line her face and wear a grandmother's gray wig. Mature actresses from abroad, however famous, are not wanted on our stage, since some years ago Cecile Sorel, playing the part of a young woman, turned American audiences away when she revealed a plump, if miraculously disciplined body, and a double chin. It is no wonder the glamorous, golden girls of the movies can command fabulous salaries; their time is short, and it is always later than they like to think.

The American woman can afford to be better dressed, slenderer, facially more decorative than her sisters in most countries, but nature designed her on an old and permanent model and cannot be induced to perform miracles in her behalf. A woman of forty who has brought up children and kept a house for her family should be admired and honored for the marks of her devotion and her service. She should not be forced, nor should she want, to see everywhere the charms of young girls as the only representatives of the purchasing power of womankind. She should not have to read in every popular magazine love stories that should be written only for the immature. Nor is every young man tall and slender, nor has every girl the kind of classic or voluptuous beauty celebrated everywhere. Surely all of this absorption in a dream world, this fantasy of eternal youth must have a serious effect on our national psychosis. It must deeply affect the sexual restlessness illustrated by our fabulous rate of divorce, as it must create serious inferiority complexes in people who might in every other way be the superiors of the devotees of Venus and Adonis.

The American sexual and physical delusion concerning the prevalence of youth, with beauty as its natural concomitant, could be laughed off as the folly of a country that is still young if the effects were not so serious. But its complete absurdity in these days is best shown by the steady increase in longevity of our population. When a young woman's average expectancy of life is over seventy years, and a man's only five or six years less, it behooves us to conceive of youth as a brief interlude in the long chain of years. We should begin to think of maturity and old age, not as the enemies of life, but as a reasonable and rewarding part of everyone's destiny. We can indeed rejoice while we are young, but there must be developed in our consciousness a cheerful anticipation of the years to come.

IF the later years of life are considered only as an affliction, a kind of disease that, in destroying the physical traces of immaturity, removes us from the affection and regard of the rest of mankind, then it is a malady that is falling upon other nations than ours. In England, for example, where we have been taught that personable men and women are content at any age with what their mirrors show them, over thirteen per cent of the population is of a pensionable age. When we have in this country more than twenty million people over fifty-five years old, a little reflection on everybody's part will force the institutions and businesses who continue to foster our national frenzy to take heed.

We need a science of gerontology, the study of human life in man's later years, for both increasing birthrate and longevity are presenting us with economic and social problems we are not in the least equipped to solve. Mankind will live to still greater years, and the millions to come who when they reach fifty can contemplate twenty or thirty more active years of life, must be taught, as did the ancients, to regard age as a blessing, the time for reason and calm content, the time for peace when the fevers and the fantasies of youth are stilled. Above all, we need writers who are more concerned with mature happiness than with childish passions, for we must look upon our whole lives as rounded and complete, each decade a cherished part of the whole, and all of them given to us for the achievement of the final reward, a life-long purpose that has been achieved, and true knowledge that has been won.

H. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Convenience of the Chancelleries

SIR: I have a long-standing respect for Professor Philip Marshall Brown as an expert in international law or, as I would prefer to term it, diplomatic practice. But after reading his letter in *SRL* Sept. 11, I would hardly call him an expert in sociology, and, whether it is agreeable to him or not, law, which is the study of a social discipline, is a branch of sociology.

He says that my view of international law [*SRL* July 10] "constitutes a strange denial of the universal belief in the community of nations and of peoples." It is open to doubt whether, before the discovery of atomic energy, this "belief" was so "universal" as he claims, but, in so far as it existed, it was a pious opinion held in the face of the accepted sociological concept of "community." The record of the last half-century is a sufficient commentary on Professor Brown's idea that the authority of international law can be compared with that of national laws under which every now and then "criminals go unpunished." In spite of its high-sounding name, its respectable philosophical ancestry, and the intellectual distinction of many of its exponents, international law has never had roots in a community and remains a convenience of the chancelleries.

Professor Brown characterizes my concept of world law as Fascist or totalitarian. If he had read my article more carefully, he would have noticed that what I am advocating is a world authority deriving its power, not from agreements between governments but from the peoples of the world, bringing to bear their new-found community sense (called into existence by the shock of atomic energy) through some device similar to the American Electoral College. If we are to bandy words about Fascism and totalitarianism, these appellations can be more appropriately affixed to the system under which any foreign minister in search of a justification for a policy could call in an international lawyer as his attorney to help him out.

ALFRED ZIMMERN.

Hartford, Conn.

Cloisters in Season

SIR: No wag am I and yet I must be the wag Dixon Wecter referred to as speaking of Columbia as "cloisters on the half shell" [*SRL* Sept. 11] since I wrote that in my book "Colossus on the Hudson." But I must admit it is not original with me, for I heard a man named Perry Ivins say it around 1920.

HORACE COON.

New York, N. Y.

Pound Protests

SIR: In *SRL* [Sept. 4] there is a review of Ezra Pound's "Cantos," in which it is stated that Mr. Pound committed treason, that he espoused Fascism, and that he was led into the camp of the enemy.

I have been asked by Mr. Pound and his wife to protest these statements. The truth is that Mr. Pound was indicted on a charge of treason but was found mentally unfit to stand trial. Accordingly, he has not been convicted and is presumed before the law to be innocent.

As your review correctly points out, Mr. Pound has in late years been obsessed with certain economic theories and these were the subject of his radio broadcasts on which the treason charge was based. If such actions were treasonable that could only be established by a trial which has not taken place. If there should be a trial, I am convinced that Mr. Pound would be acquitted on the ground that he was not responsible mentally for his actions.

Upon reflection, I hope that you will agree that it is both untrue and unfair to assume that Ezra Pound is guilty of treason when this has merely been charged and not proven, and he has been found mentally irresponsible.

JULIEN CORNELL.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since Mr. Pound was not tried for treason, our reviewer of his "Cantos" was in error when he wrote that he committed treason.*

SIR: It seems to me that the reviewer has written more like a Fascist than an American. He asserts that Mr. Pound was guilty of the crime of treason, for which he was not tried and found guilty in our courts. There are quite a number of people in the USA, England, and Italy who believe that Ezra Pound was "judged insane" because a reading of his broadcasts would not have convinced a jury that he was guilty of treason.

The statement that Mr. Pound espoused Fascism should not be made without proof, for the Italians did not think that he did espouse it. Possibly the following excerpts from statements by people interested in justice might throw some light on the subject:

> Viewing Ezra Pound's activities from this side I still think he was right . . . certainly actuated by patriotic motives . . . there is no feeling against him here in Italy . . . he was not compromised with any *Fascist organizations*, as thought in the States—in fact, paradoxically enough, most of his personal friends were anti-Fascists.

BEATRICE ABBOTT.

Melrose, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Ive got a public relations job with Croesus—
I'm supposed to keep up the price of gold."

Combatting Television Threat

SIR: We have purchased a good projector and screen to run 16mm. film in our home for the entire family and friends. Our primary purpose, I must admit, is to combat the growing television threat which is taking our children into their friends' home, for we intend to hold off until the programs are worth while.

Your suggestions have already been of great use to us.

MRS. L. H. LOESER.

South Orange, N. J.

Bars on Russia

SIR: I quote from Ralph McGill's "New Man—Old Chains" in *SRL* Aug. 28:

> . . . we were there earnestly seeking to persuade them that a free flow of information, and also a free exchange of cultural items such as magazines, art, music, and books, was highly desirable and important to world peace.

My curiosity is aroused. Did the ASNE in its presentation admit, or did Lozovsky remind his interlocutors, that since 1940 our Post Office Department has barred from our mails Russian newspapers and magazines? Prior to 1940, I kept, as a subscriber, *Moscow News* and *Sovietland*, the latter being the Russian counterpart

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of *Amerika,* to the end that I might counterbalance the mass of distortion and misinformation conveyed to me by the American press. I was then (1941) advised that further deliveries of these publications could not be made because of orders of our Post Office Department. Has the ban now been lifted?

H. C. ROWBERG.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Pseudonym, Shakespeare

SIR: In the review of G. B. Harrison's "Shakespeare: 23 Plays and the Sonnets" [*SRL* June 5] there is a misstatement so gross as to vitiate any claims to scholarship. Mr. Redman speaks of "those who hold fuzzily to the notion that 'we know nothing about him' [Shakespeare] instead of realizing that we know more about him than about 'any other Elizabethan dramatist'."

The most meager knowledge of the Shakespeare mystery cognizes the fact that all we know of the Stratford Shakespeare, Shacksper, or Shakspe, could easily be printed on a half-column of this page. It consists of perhaps a score of often sordid facts—baptisms, marriage, real estate deals, lawsuits, fines, etc. Not one of these records indicates in the slightest way that the Stratfordian was a writer. Nor do the few recorded items regarding the actor Shakespeare (who may or may not have been the Stratfordian) give any such evidence.

While there were many laudatory references to the *author* "Shakespeare" by his contemporaries, not one of them identifies him as the man of Stratford. The name was as much a pseudonym as Mark Twain or O. Henry, and it was a common practice in Elizabethan times to use stooges, often ignorant, whose names were put on title pages, even by the clergy. The anonymity of several important Elizabethan works has never been pierced.

What Mr. Harrison and Mr. Redman "know" about Shakespeare is a fictitious biography based on hearsay, conjecture, and old wives' tales collected by the actor Betterton seventy years after the Stratfordian's death, and, in Mr. Harrison's case, inflated by inferential interpretations of topical subjects in the "Plays and Sonnets." The assertion that Shakespeare of Stratford was the author was not asserted in print until many years after his death.

On the other hand, what we know about "other Elizabethan dramatists" is considerable. Of such writers as Edmund Spenser, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Nash, Lyly, Peele, and others we have a good picture of their education, the books they owned, and their artistic interests which qualified them as writers.

While many of the best-known and most influential scholars in England—such men as the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the Canon of Chelmsford Cathedral, principal of Victoria College, University of Liverpool, head master of the Charterhouse School, the professor of English at the Royal Naval Academy, etc.—have publicly attested to their belief that the true author was Edward De Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, hardly a single important professor of English literature in the United States has been willing even to consider the new historical evidence that has changed the whole Elizabethan picture. They rest content, like the Encyclopedia Britannica, with historical data derived from sources no later than 1897. Many of the college faculties have been invited to refute, if possible, the new evidence that has accumulated since then. All have refused.

It is true what Mr. Redman says, that we know more about Shakespeare than about any other Elizabethan writer—but the "Shakespeare" is not the Shakespeare of Stratford. He was the brightest star in the firmament of talent in that splendid era. A royal ward, brought up at Court, he was familiar with its usages. Highly educated, with degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge, familiar with the Greek and Latin classics, he could give the plays their sophisticated touch. A student at Gray's Inn for three years, his references to the intricacies of law are easily accounted for. Traveled in Italy, a champion in the tournament, an aristocrat *pur sang,* an expert falconer, a musician, a poet praised as the best, and excellent in comedy, and above all, as Lord Great Chamberlain in charge for years of the company of players who performed Shakespeare's dramas, he had every possible qualification for authorship, while the dummy of Stratford had not one.

GELETT BURGESS.

New York, N. Y.

Misunderstood Herbie

SIR: There seems to be a growing tendency toward a humorless approach to light fiction on the part of certain *SRL* reviewers who refuse to see what a novelist has done deliberately in creating a book designed for entertainment. A case in point is Richard B. Gehman's report on Herman Wouk's "The City Boy" [*SRL* Aug. 21].

Mr. Gehman's failure to understand or appreciate the character of young Herbie Bookbinder and his contention that the boy's attitudes and fund of information are similar to Penrod's suggest that he has forgotten or missed boyhood in a big city (or boyhood itself unless he views it through tinted spectacles) which should have disqualified him as the reviewer.

I cannot escape the impression that Mr. Gehman was most unhappy over reviewing a novel designed to make people laugh when in his heart he would have preferred one of the fine social comments of Camus or Aragon. Let us have better casting in book assignments and less of the critic first and the human being last in book reviewers.

JOHN LARKIN.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Renewed and Reawakened

SIR: Your recent series of articles on Charles Lamb [*SRL* July 3, 10, 24, 31] renewed and reawakened my interest in an important period of literary history. I am most grateful to you for bringing these facts to public attention.

DAVID H. SMITH.

Sioux Falls, S. D.

Any Memories?

SIR: The "Save Washington Square Committee" has been doing research on the history of the Square for several weeks.

We particularly want information about the past seventy-five years of the Square, with emphasis on the south and west sides. But we have no limits; we will be glad to hear from anyone who will put down his memories for us, or who can offer us any suggestions for sources of information, beyond the resources of the libraries, which have already been tapped.

Does anybody remember the area south of the Square when it was a French quarter? Are there any pictures extant showing Minetta Brook before it was hidden below the surface?

HELEN E. VOGEL.

44 Washington Square,
New York, N. Y.

"I'll see if he's in. Who's calling, please?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Belles Lettres.

When his publishers asked Somerset Maugham to select, edit, and condense the ten greatest novels in world literature, he thought at once of Balzac, Dickens, Tolstoy, and Dostoievsky. After that the choice became more difficult. Maugham finally selected four novels from England, three from France, two from Russia, and one from America, and set to work to write the prefaces. These became so long that they have been collected in one introductory volume, "Great Novelists and Their Novels" (reviewed below). The essays are also appearing separately as introductions to each of the ten novels, two of which—"Tom Jones" and "David Copperfield"—have already been published. The rest will come out next year. . . . In the meantime, Somerset Maugham, that agile and untiring craftsman, is bringing out another novel of his own, "Catalina," to be published this month.

Mr. Maugham's Ten Sheared Candidates

GREAT NOVELISTS AND THEIR NOVELS. By W. Somerset Maugham. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 1948. 245 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

MR. MAUGHAM wrote the essays in this collection to introduce the set of ten best novels which the Winston Company is now publishing. The reissuance of such standard works as "War and Peace," "Old Man Goriot," "Tom Jones," "Pride and Prejudice," "The Red and the Black," "Wuthering Heights," "Madame Bovary," "David Copperfield," "The Brothers Karamazov," and "Moby Dick" may seem an extravagance at a time when nearly all of them are or have been available in regular and Modern Library editions, but it is justified, Mr. Maugham feels, because not only are they his choice of the ten best novels of the world brought together for the first time as a series, but with the elimination from each of "the portions it is wise to skip," they have been made immensely more readable and, consequently, available to a wider audience than they have enjoyed in recent years.

The seasoned reader of Maugham the novelist and teller of tales may be expected to approach these essays with some uneasiness. The transition from fiction to criticism can be a painful one for an author, especially when he undertakes to make it in late career and is the sort of author Maugham is, and it can be even more painful for his admirers if, like Maugham's, they have grown accustomed to looking to him for the same old brand of pleasure served up in the same old way year after year and if they expect him to have the good sense to stay clear of matters that are properly none of his business. Fortunately, Mr. Maugham makes the great novelists and their novels his business with as little pain to himself and to his readers and with as much good sense as he has made the ways and foibles of the world his business for the last three or four decades.

Actually his approach is not, in the pure sense, critical at all. He views the novels he has selected with the practised eye of the professional writer and the keen sense for appreciating the best in them of the professional reader. His standards are those he has evolved over the years of his experience with his craft; and they are valid in so far as he has found them applicable to himself. Like most writers, he appreciates in the work of others the qualities he sees in his own and does not generally concern himself with those which he has been unable to acquire. This might easily be a major weakness if it were not for the fact that he has chosen to call great ten novels which fit his specifications closely and which, because they have survived both time and generations of critical appraisal, serve as excellent endorsements of them.

It seems to Mr. Maugham that a great novel should be, above all else, entertaining; that it should have a widely interesting theme, a "coherent and persuasive" story, probability, clarity, vividness, and simplicity, and that, in varying degrees, the novels under discussion have all of these qualities. In his biographical sketches of the authors he applies the personality to the work and the work to the personality and comes through with some penetrating conclusions. Unfortunately, the parallel cannot always be clearly drawn, and it is on the occasions when it cannot—as in the case of Melville—that the sketches become pure biography and the evaluations merely speculative. It may be that Mr. Maugham's novelist's interest in character and idiosyncrasy about ideas handicapped him here, for he often gives us more details on the authors' lives than many of them deserve and fewer than would be helpful on the works themselves. The studies of Tolstoy, Emily Brontë, Dostoievsky, and Balzac seem to me the most successful. In them he strikes an effective balance of the two.

It would be incorrect to say that Mr. Maugham has made final judgments of the novels and novelists he

"So long, Ma! I'm off to the diploma mill."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has chosen as the greatest, or even that he has argued a wholly air-tight case for their selection over a hundred others. What he has given us is his opinion, carefully considered and based on long experience, and he has written it down with his customary grace, in essays that are as pleasing to read as the books they are intended to introduce.

John W. Aldridge is a young veteran-turned-critic whose article "The New Generation of Writers" published in Harper's Magazine *last year was widely commented upon.*

Romantic Exile

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS OF JOHN PEALE BISHOP. Edited, and with an Introduction, by Edmund Wilson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 508 *pp.* $4.50.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JOHN PEALE BISHOP. Edited, and with a Preface and a Personal Memoir, by Allen Tate. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 277 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

THE simultaneous publication, four years after his death, of John Peale Bishop's essays and poems, is surely a literary event. The happy circumstance that his writings have been collected and edited by two of our best critics who were also his closest friends, lends additional distinction to the occasion. Tate, with whose Southern agrarianism Bishop was loosely affiliated, views his subject as a fellow "Southerner of the Upper South," while Wilson, fellow-student (with Scott Fitzgerald) of Bishop's at Princeton and historian of the Twenties, part of which Bishop was and most of which he knew, approaches the poet-essayist from the direction of "All the Sad Young Men." At the intersection of these planes Bishop stands: doubly the *deraciné* (both in place and in time), and perhaps the most typical member of his writing generation, the Romantic Exiles of our century.

And now that the evidence is nearly all in, John Peale Bishop's place in the pantheon of American poetry seems considerably more secure than it appeared during his lifetime. We have been used to hearing the West Virginian dismissed as *too* typical, *i.e.*, too derivative, on the one hand, too immersed in class consciousness (upper level), on the other; yet his essays and poems in their progress (they are helpfully given dates by the editors) amply display an original mind and reveal the generous, passionate, humane personality finally emerging from beneath the successive masks of the "provincial," the dandy, the snob, and the ironist. "Behind the mask," as Bishop wrote in one of his "Aphorisms," "is a naked man."

Eighty of the essays, twenty-eight of the reviews, and most of the "Aphorisms and Notes" in the prose volume are devoted to poetry ("it was for poetry that he chiefly lived," testifies his friend Wilson). But his essays are not always confined to discussions of this high endeavor. Bishop's free-ranging mind illuminated a wide variety of subjects—the South and its tradition, myth, modern novelists, modern painters, Audubon, places, motion pictures. On all these, and on poetry especially, he was both luminous and penetrating, never pedantic; he wore his learning gracefully. His talent for epigram appears in isolation in the "Aphorisms"; but all his essays contain striking phrases which will *not* be contained, but jump out of the page and confront the reader suddenly with acute *aperçus*. In such wise he could arrive at the heart of a book or a poem, a place or a painting, and uncover that heart to brilliant flashes of insight.

—From "Literary Lights."

John Peale Bishop and Edmund Wilson, Jr. bring forth "The Undertaker's Journal."

Bishop did not deny that his poetry was derivative; he explained rather why it was: "My imitation of other poets is in part a desire not to be myself." If we keep in mind his position as an exile in his century (he preferred the eighteenth), in his native state (his father, who stemmed from Connecticut, had been "stoned in the streets" as a Yankee), in his native land (he was an expatriate for some years), in modern civilization generally (which he admitted into his poetry only in its phases of decadence), this perhaps is explanation enough. But this is only part of the story, for it is evident that his excursions into the styles of Yeats, Pound, Eliot, and others (for example, if a collection of "Renaissance Lyrics of the Twentieth Century" were possible, Bishop's *pastiches*, with their honest sensuality, might well head the list) gave testimony of his search for a technique which might achieve that marriage of intellect and emotion needed to fulfil the aim of poetry, "the whole man."

Toward the end, the romantic exile came home to his own idiom, and achieved in his poetry a density of meaning projected with classic purity of tone. His emotions were always brittle, and constantly being fractured by his consciousness of the collapse of traditions, but in the best of his verse, as in his prose, he transcended and transmuted these crises. And at the last, self-assured, John Peale Bishop dictated his epitaph (its noble rhetoric "inevitably" recalls both Yeats and Landor):

> Long did I live
> Consistent, lonely, proud.
> Not death, but fear of death,
> Restores us to the crowd.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 276

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 276 *will be found in the next issue.*

FPR ALBBSCXFQ XC

EPXAP RGAP BGC GAFT

KXMR PXT CRXOPWLZ

XT CLF QRF G

AXHXKXDRV ALBBSCXFQ.

G. P. TGQAR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 275

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

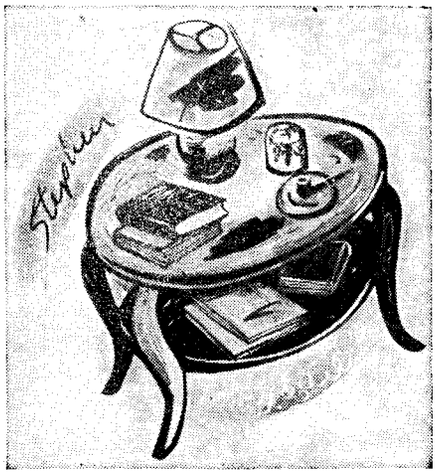
T. FULLER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trumpeted Storyteller

STEPHEN CRANE: A BIBLIOGRAPHY. By Ames W. Williams and Vincent Starrett. Glendale, California: John Valentine. 1948. *xii* + 164 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH



VINCENT STARRETT blew a lusty trumpet in the Crane-renaissance parade of a quarter century ago, and he has been tooting and marching ever since. His call, indeed, has grown more clarion, his stride sturdier. His Crane bibliography of 1923 was an affair of forty-eight pages, but it was a mighty useful tool to the Crane student at the moment, and has been ever since.

Now, twenty-five years later, appears a new Crane bibliography, the work of a devoted and competent team: Mr. Starrett and Ames W. Williams. Neither title-page nor text gives the slightest clue to the share of the work borne by each collaborator. It doesn't seem to matter; both Mr. Williams and Mr. Starrett know their Crane; both know his books; both understand the niceties of description and collation.

An author-bibliography, if it is to be of any account, must be largely biography. It should give almost as good a picture of the man as the formal biography does, without, of course, trying to usurp the function of the latter. Biography, in general, would be better if more biographers were, in addition, competent bibliographers.

Here the thing is done, which makes this an admirable monograph to study in order to see how it is done. Here is Crane, publishing his first book at his own expense, entrusting his second to an upstart firm of youngsters, and attaining instant fame with his third at the hands of an old-line house. Less than five years later, at twenty-eight, he was dead. After an interval corresponding nearly to the length of his own life, his collected works appeared in ten volumes. Mr. Starrett, in an introduction (the single attributed unit of the book), calls him "the first modern American storyteller." This bibliography is the story of his stories, well and graphically set forth.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

THE world IS A wedding

$2.75

ROBERT PENN WARREN: "I have read Delmore Schwartz's stories several times, and am more impressed with them at each reading. I do not see why this book should not place him quite securely among the very best writers of the story we now have in America."

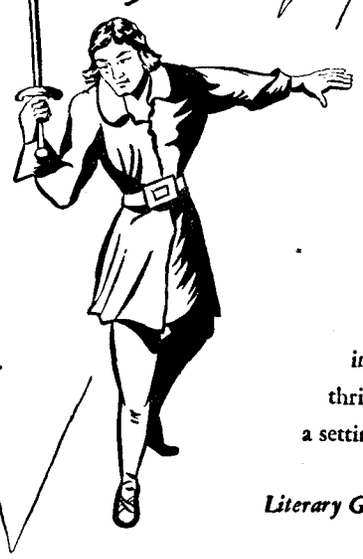
TIME: "With these stories, Poet Delmore Schwartz should take his place among the dozen or so most accomplished young U.S. writers. . . . The two longest pieces will suffer no disgrace by comparison with Chekov or Stendhal."

THE NEW YORKER: "Schwartz is a man who understands that a fiction writer's primary responsibility is to tell us what it is like to be a human being and who, in addition, has the equipment to do something about it."

A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK
500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 18

The Burnished Blade

by Lawrence Schoonover



Something new in historical novels!

BARBARIC TREBIZOND — a fabulous empire that flourished on the border of the Black Sea five centuries ago—comes to life again in *The Burnished Blade.* Young Pierre, sent to track down smugglers who had been bringing opium and jewels into feudal France, found a remote, forbidding empire, sophisticated and polished, but seething with intrigue and amorality. His adventures there provide as thrilling an action story as you have read in many years—with a setting completely new to readers of historical fiction. $3.00

Literary Guild selection for October

MACMILLAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

OLIVIER'S "HAMLET"

IF and when they build houses for us, architects usually reflect our tastes, hence our personalities. Even if they fail to do so, one thing is certain. They determine the physical pattern of our living, once their blueprints, realized in terms of brick and mortar, have become our homes.

The new film version of "Hamlet" * is, of course, billed as Laurence Olivier's. Since he directed it and plays the Prince, it is as the Laurence Olivier "Hamlet" that the picture will always be identified. Yet, while sitting before it, as filled with admiration as with misgivings, I could not help wondering if this cinematic "Hamlet," so fine in some respects, so unsatisfactory in others, should not more accurately be described as Roger Furse's.

It is Mr. Furse who served the production as its architect. It is he who designed the huge, drafty structure, part conch shell, part labyrinth, part courtyard, part lighthouse staircase, part Simmons bed window exhibit, part Cloisters, part ziggurat, part Danish pueblo, but mainly movie setting, which is the most recent Elsinore. By so doing Mr. Furse has conditioned the whole performance. He has provided its terrain, created its mood, charted its action, steered its actors, and, sometimes, smothered the play in the *cloche* which is his castle.

Mr. Furse's interest, understandably, is the camera. He would be in the wrong if it were not. Transferring the drama to a different medium, he is bound to have thought in terms of close-ups, long shots, fade-outs, and all those supposedly liberating technical devices which the screen enjoys and the stage does not. His problem, a sizable one, is external. It has been to find an outward form for an inward tragedy. Not such a form, mind you, as a stage designer would have evolved. No, a form three-dimensional, spacious, filmworthy. A form intended to dispense with the scene divisions of the theatre, to occupy the eye, and add those free-ranging elements impossible behind the footlights.

Almost inevitably, Mr. Furse's problem becomes not only Olivier's but ours, too. The final "Hamlet," if indeed there be such a thing in the case of a text so endlessly self-extending, exists in the mind and achieves its most satisfying visualization in the mind's eye. What Shakespeare wanted to say, what he felt necessary to get said, with all its subtleties, tantalizing depths, and inter-relationships, is said by him in his uncut text. How exciting that text can be when its wonders are untampered with, the Maurice Evans production made clear in 1938. The play, in that instance, was indeed the thing; the thing it was plainly meant to be, and in many stirring moments is, in the film. Yet in the film much that is valuable is lost, and needlessly lost, because of the swollen dimensions of Mr. Furse's Elsinore. The paradox is that the screen text finds itself confined instead of freed by the very space now at its disposal.

To have "Hamlet" hacked at in order to compress it within the theatre's regulation playing time is the common experience. Even when so dismembered, the results can be incomparable. Everyone knows this who has responded to the tattered texts acted by Walter Hampden, John Barrymore, Basil Sydney, John Gielgud, or, for that matter, by Mr. Evans in his oddly truncated GI version. To sacrifice great language, however, for meaningless pantomime; to have complexity and innuendo dispensed with in favor of camera angles; and to lose key speeches, characters, or scenes merely because so much time is wasted getting the actors from one part of the castle to another is to encounter a "Hamlet" in many ways dislocated by being on location.

THE film runs two hours and thirty-three minutes. In other words, since the performance is continuous, its playing time is about the same as that required for the cut stage versions which, with one or two intermissions, usually take three hours. These cut versions in the theatre, incidentally, have always found room for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; for so pivotal a speech as "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I"; for the second gravedigger (who is not greatly missed); sometimes, and rightly, for "How all occasions do inform against me"; usually for Fortinbras; and as a rule for many lines or speeches not to be found in this new "Hamlet."

The film's cuts are not in every instance wise or logical even in view of the camera's needs. The transposition of "To be or not to be" until after Hamlet's scene with Ophelia does not, I suppose, really matter. But, surely, the Fortinbras sub-plot and the scene of Hamlet's embarkation for England, in addition to contributing to our understanding of the Prince, are compounded of ideal stuffs for the movies.

Laurence Olivier and Eileen Herlie—". . . a bounce, an urgency, a fascination."

**HAMLET, a film version of William Shakespeare's tragedy. Directed by Laurence Olivier. Text editor, Alan Dent. Designed by Roger Furse. Music composed by William Walton and played by the Philharmonia Orchestra. With a cast including Laurence Olivier, Eileen Herlie, Basil Sydney, Jean Simmons, Felix Aylmer, Norman Wooland, Terence Morgan, Stanley Holloway, Peter Cushing, etc. A J. Arthur Rank Enterprise. Sponsored by the Theatre Guild. A Universal-International Release. At the Park Avenue Theatre.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A SOLID HIT."—Life Magazine
JOSEPH M. HYMAN presents
Make Mine Manhattan
The Gay New Musical Revue
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT • Music by RICHARD LEWINE
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats Wed & Sat.

"BULL'S-EYE."—Barnes, Her. Trib.
ETHEL MERMAN
In the World-Wide Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
with MILTON WATSON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
EVES. 8:30. MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The LAUGH HIT
with by GARSON KANIN
JUDY HOLLIDAY • JOHN ALEXANDER
EVGS. INCL. SUN., 8:40. MATS. SAT. & SUN., 2:40. NO PERF. MON.
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way

PULITZER PRIZE & CRITICS' AWARD
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
with JESSICA TANDY
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HENRY FONDA
in
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
ALVIN Thea., W. 52nd St., Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Now—ERLANGER THEATRE, CHICAGO

New Stages, Inc. presents JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S
The RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE
CORT THEATRE • 48th St. E. of B'way • CI 5-4289
Evgs. 8:45 Matinees WED. and SAT. 2:45

And certainly it makes little sense to have the First Player express his willingness to learn a "speech of some dozen or sixteen lines" for the play-within-the-play and then have that play acted entirely in dumb-show.

One trouble with the picture is that it squanders at least forty precious minutes in stage crosses, in slow fade-outs, in travelogues up and down the stairs of Mr. Furse's palace, or in such a long and pointless sequence as the concluding one in which, after a superb duel and a very moving death scene, the Prince's body is carried up endless flights of steps for no good reason (except perhaps to honor Cecil B. DeMille) to the castle's highest tower. In short, the film is as conditioned in its physical movements (hence in the scope of the text it uses) by Mr. Furse's ungainly setting as we are in our daily living by the blueprints of our architects. This is why I, for one, hold Mr. Furse responsible for some of the picture's more perplexing omissions rather than Mr. Olivier or his able script editor, Alan Dent.

ALL this, however, is more than enough of reservations. It is overlooking, and most unfairly, the fact that even a lame man can also claim a leg which is both good and strong. What matters in the case of Mr. Olivier's "Hamlet" is its virtues. These are many. They are sufficient to live down the sad and utterly unnecessary introductory moment when, as a prologue to the film and in the worst radio-narrator manner, Mr. Olivier's voice is heard explaining "This is the tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind." That is a depressing and disastrous start. Nevertheless the merits of this "Hamlet," considering its intentions, compensate for the lacks.

Mr. Olivier's production is meant for the "groundlings"; for people who come to it fresh. In other words, it is intended for moviegoers and radio listeners far removed from theatrical centers; people unconcerned with too many niceties and unhaunted by memories of Barrymore's dynamic brilliance, Gielgud's vibrant neuroticism, or Evans's eloquent justification of a prince legionnaire in spirit.

For such an audience Mr. Olivier's "Hamlet" is certain to be an eye-opener as well as an experience. It has a bounce, an urgency, a fascination, and an emotional impact which are hard to resist. Measured by the Shakespeare the majority of Americans see, when they are lucky enough to see any pretending to be professional, it is a masterpiece. Compared to most films, childish as they are in intelligence, range, taste, or ambition,

CRY OF THE CITY
starring
VICTOR MATURE
RICHARD CONTE
A 20th Century-Fox Film
PLUS BIG STAGE SHOW
now
ROXY
7th Ave. at 50th St.

BECOME THEATRE-WISE
by delving in the pages of back issues of the THEATRE MAGAZINE and STAGE MAGAZINE
We can supply issues covering period 1905-1940. Each number beautifully illustrated, with color cover pages of favorite stars, scenes of stage successes, musicals, movies, reviews, etc., etc.
Sample issue $2.25 postpaid. 5 issues—$10.00; 10 issues $17.50. All different.
Bound volumes—12 issues—full year—$22.00
Send for FREE list of books on the theatre.
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 W. 48th St., Dept. 500, New York City 19
P. S. We are also headquarters for books on the theatre, ballet, dance, old plays, etc. We invite your book problems on any subject. We also supply current books and any book reviewed or mentioned in this issue of Saturday Review of Literature.
We also buy old books and magazines on all subjects.

STARTS OCT. 7
— POETRY READINGS —
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS SERIES OF 4 LECTURES
Thurs. Eves. Topics to be announced
Delmore SCHWARTZ { Lectures on Modern Poetry and Fiction / Composition of Poetry
Famous Poets will read from their works. Those who wish to be notified of these readings should write to POETRY CENTER. Call AT. 9-9455 for Catalogue
YOUNG MEN'S & YOUNG WOMEN'S HEBREW ASSN. LEX. AVE. 92nd ST.

HANDY SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th St.,
New York 19, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for

☐ 1 yr. $6.00 ☐ 2 yrs. $10.00
☐ 3 yrs. $14.00

☐ Remittance Enclosed
☐ Bill Me

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

10-2

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is as full grown as was Pallas Athena at birth. Every school teacher in the land should be grateful for it. So should every student not hostile to learning.

Even when seen on Manhattan at previews attended by persons freighted with recollections, it commands, word for word and scene for scene, that utter silence which is the perfect tribute to its compulsion. Make no mistake about it. It is a film not to be missed, regardless of what the long-memoried, the captious, or informed hopefuls may miss in it.

MR. OLIVIER'S "Hamlet" is bound to raise comparisons with his "Henry V." His "Henry" was one of the best pictures I have ever seen or expect to see. It had a magnificent sweep. It combined personalities and pageantry so that neither was lost sight of. Its spirit was as stirring as the drums summoning a regiment to battle in bygone days. The love duet in which England's Harry wooed Katherine of France was played with such miraculous skill that it managed to cap in interest even the glories of Agincourt. As for Mr. Olivier, he was so complete a Harry, both as a man and an ideal of kingship, that England's victory, like the film's, was easy to explain.

But there's the rub. The qualities of manliness which made Mr. Olivier Henry "cap-a-pi" are not necessarily attributes fitting him for Hamlet. The Dane is a man condemned to vacillation. Were he as resolute as Mr. Olivier and his will the servant of so firm a mouth and buttressed a chin, "Hamlet" would be a one-act play. Mr. Olivier brings no new understanding of the Prince to his interpretation. His innovations stop with the bleaching of his hair. They do not come from within. He does not reverse tradition as Mr. Evans did when he bounded into Elsinore as an extrovert princeling. Neither does he heighten tradition as did Mr. Gielgud when he laid bare the torments of a neurotic prince. He takes Hamlet as the single speeches come instead of integrating them into an original pattern of his own planning.

Though this represents a deficiency, the simple and exciting truth is that no player now alive can read Shakespearean verse as he does. He is a master of the pause, of underscoring, of illumination. He may at times be tempted to throw lines away, regrettably, as when he rushes to the end of the great hall to scream "The play's the thing." He may surrender to acrobatics and send his body hurtling to the floor more often than necessary. Once or twice, too, his very virtuosity may mislead him into spewing forth more words than a single breath can hope to project. But, even when Mr. Olivier is by temperament at odds with what he is saying, he remains a great actor.

To judge how inspired is his reading, one has only to read to oneself the introductory verses thrown on the screen while Mr. Olivier's voice is heard reading them aloud. What he does with them, to break them, to give them meaning, to explore and ignite them, would have caused Elia to swallow his harsh words about the losses Shakespeare suffers when performed.

In spite of his lack of a definite interpretation; in spite, too, of the way in which his own temperament may clash with Hamlet's, Mr Olivier achieves his extraordinary single moments. These include his delivery of "To be or not to be" (here, as in the other soliloquies, the illusion of eavesdropping on his thoughts is suggested by our hearing his voice on the sound track and yet seeing him move his lips to speak only an occasional line); the easy naturalness of his speech to the players; his uninhibited ribaldry with Ophelia at the play; his acid humor in all his dealings with Polonius, and with the King when referring to the dead counselor's whereabouts; his entire relationship with Horatio; his apostrophe to Yorick; his asking forgiveness of Laertes; and the athletic fury of his duel.

As a director, Mr. Olivier faces a far more difficult task than he did with "Henry V." The tragedy of "Hamlet" is internal; its final action within the mind. If this interior struggle is not totally realized in the film, the melodrama—the grand, gory, breathtaking melodrama which is also "Hamlet"—is made the most of. When not slowed down by Mr. Furse's setting, Mr. Olivier and his fellow-players keep it lunging on its bloodstained way.

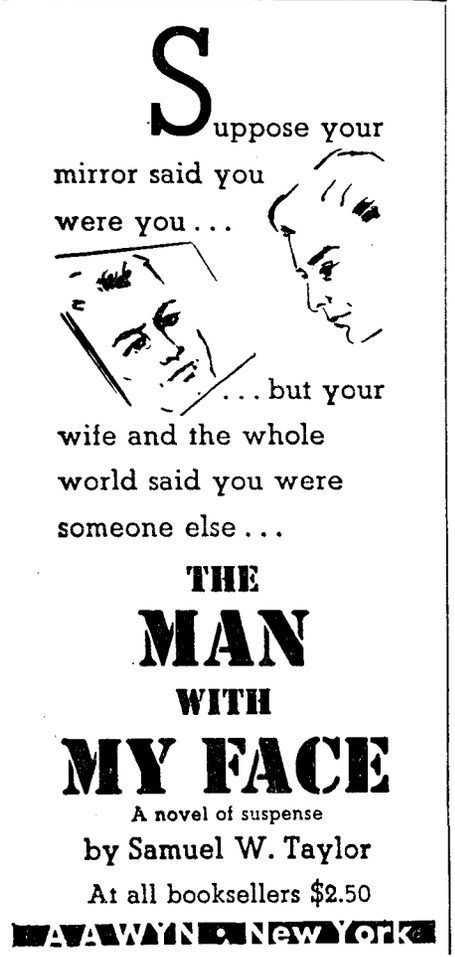
As in the case of his "Henry," all the members of the supporting cast speak Shakespearean verse uncommonly well. When it comes to their characterizations, that is a different matter. Personally I was disappointed in Felix Aylmer's Polonius. He seemed to be lacking in humor, if for no other reason than that he took no pleasure in his own garrulity. Unaccountably but typically, the famous "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral" speech was not even spoken by him as if he were a windy old man toying with words. Instead, it was read by him supposedly from a handbill taken from the Players.

I was disappointed too, in Peter Cushing's Osric and was especially distressed to see him, when backing and swishing his way out of Hamlet's presence, fall downstairs in order to win a laugh. Eileen Herlie I found too young for the Queen. To me she appeared to be playing by rote rather than from passion. Her Gertrude had none of the tempting uxoriousness Mady Christians brought to the part. Nor could I understand why Mr. Olivier, as a director, should have elected to have Gertrude and Claudius wander throughout almost the whole play as attached to their crowns as if they were a playing-card queen and king.

But for Basil Sydney's superlatively well read and deftly drawn Claudius I felt unbounded admiration. I was touched by the sweet innocence and plausibility of Jean Simmons's Ophelia, though I could not help wishing for her sake that the Court of Denmark had boasted a different hairdresser. I found genuine satisfaction in Norman Wooland's sympathetic Horatio, Terence Morgan's manly Laertes, and Stanley Holloway's Gravedigger.

Mixed in its merits this "Hamlet" may be, but this seems clear. Even Mr. Furse's setting cannot imprison Shakespeare's text. In spite of what is arguable in the production or the cutting and notwithstanding many severe disappointments, the film always aims at the best and sometimes achieves it thrillingly.

JOHN MASON BROWN.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 16)

profitable financially but "that might end in some kind of personal disaster, an overdose of sleeping pills, a plunge from a hotel window, jumped or fell, or worse still, a slow disintegration." Still, Jack Sherrod knows he can only hold his wife, Margaret, by staying whole—the word "whole" as it is used in the Book of Common Prayer. And to do that he is going to have to consult with his physician more and more.

This could have been a brilliant assault on the American success theme if it were not presented in so banal a fashion. Mr. Harrison can be occasionally caustic but he can also be very heavy-handed with his humor. None the less, Jack Sherrod's lack-luster saga does set us to pondering whether there isn't something radically wrong with a civilization that deems it necessary to have "all this shoving, shouting, and showmanship" to keep it going.

A Born Exploitee

LUSH VALLEY. By Patricia Campbell. Seattle: The Superior Publishing Co. 1948. 367 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

MISS CAMPBELL'S new novel is the story of a woman to whom a combination of circumstance and her own weakness brought tragedy and near ruin. F. Tennyson Jesse, in her admirable book "Murder and its Motives," remarks that some people are born murderees. They inevitably maneuver themselves into the hands of their slayers; they are lambs who lead themselves to the slaughter. Katti Trenholme was a born exploitee. She was beautiful, appealing; she was, through her own temperamental inability to help herself, helpless; she drifted from one bad situation into another, without thinking, without really questioning or caring where her course might lead, until a crisis which she could not evade brought her up short.

The book opens in the year 1894, with the State *vs.* Katti Trenholme, charged with the murder of her husband. As the testimony proceeds, the author, in a series of flashbacks, gives the actual version of the events which have brought Katti to her present situation. This is not a new technique, but it is always an interesting one, and Miss Campbell manages her shifts of scene and time with considerable dexterity. Although, as the trial continues, the reader begins to suspect that, like an amateur magician, the author is making things look as difficult as possible before the final triumphant accomplishment of the trick, there is still a good bit of suspense and excitement. As Katti listens to the witnesses, both for the prosecution and defense, Miss Campbell traces Katti's history to this point, her twenty-first year.

It was a brief span but a tumultuous one. She was born in Washington's beautiful Chimacum Valley, that rich land which, like Katti herself in the author's symbolism, was at first so exploited and ill-used. Katti, like the land, was generous, responsive, full of gifts. Miss Campbell paints her as a woman of essential simplicity and goodness, frankly sensuous, undisciplined, unrealistic, childishly grateful for whatever appeared to be kindliness and protection, and willing to pay for it with the only coin she had. When she was fifteen she gave herself to a casual local youth, not because she loved him but simply because she didn't realize that anyone would consider it wrong. This curious amoral innocence in a girl of fifteen who was neither feeble-minded nor incorrigible is a little hard to believe. Discovering that she was considered disgraced in the eyes of the Valley, she left home under the protection of one Tim De Leon, proprietor of a dine-and-dance pavilion in nearby Port Townsend, who gave her a job as an entertainer. Because of her beauty and her exceptionally fine voice, she was extremely popular and successful. At the Purple Lantern she met Evan Trenholme and left it to become his mistress.

Katti's story from this point, through a series of dramatic if rather obviously stock events (including the familiar one of the circumstances of an accidental death pointing toward murder) to her final self-redemption and her acquittal, I leave to the reader to discover. I am afraid I found the happy ending—complete with the wise and kindly minister who shows Katti God's plan in her life, faithful childhood sweetheart with whom she can look forward to a happy old age, and the speech to the jury by Mama Herrera, a simple, motherly woman in whose home Katti had found refuge—just a bit on the saccharine side.

Miss Campbell's book, however, is written with deep feeling and sincerity, and if it is not quite so profound a study of human frailty as one might wish, it is still a moving and appealing story.

WHITHER SCIENTISTS?

Will they keep on knuckling under to the military . . . the "loyalty" boards . . . the Un-American Committee . . . the whole war-ward hysteria?

The scientists' problem of patriotism in the atomic age—can they be loyal to both science and the politicians running the state? Must science here remain "the drab and slut of capitalism" (Vernon Parrington)?

What's happened to the atomic scientists' 1946 upsurge of responsibility to civilization? What's splitting the innards of Urey while Einstein boldly opposes war and sees sense in the Progressive (Wallace) Party platform?

CARL DREHER probes these and other questions in the latest pamphlet of Louis Adamic's "Trends & Tides" (T&T) Series. ***Just out.***

Also in this T&T *pamphlet:*

LOOKING FORWARD TO DOOMSDAY *by Murray Godwin*

X-raying the West's religious impulse toward catostrophe, this startling essay complements Dreher's.

THE COMPLEX AMERICAN CRISIS *by R. V. Cassill*

A deep-reaching, beautifully written analysis—it supplements Dreher's and Godwin's papers.

WALT WHITMAN'S POLITICAL TESTAMENT

Written in 1856, and still almost unknown, it seems specially addressed to Americans in 1948.

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

A statement of fundamental issues—for those interested in America's survival.

WHO IS EXPANSIONIST—USSR OR USA? *by Shaemas O'Sheel*

TOLERANCE—COUNTERFEIT OF INTOLERANCE *by Louis Adamic*

T&T pamphlets have been described as "pamphleteering in the Tom Paine tradition." . . . Each 30,000 words.

50¢ a copy . . . 3 copies for $1 . . . 8 for $2 —you will want several. Enclosing remittance, order NOW from:

LOUIS ADAMIC, MILFORD, NEW JERSEY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do You Own—

Amer Airlines	Manufacturers Trust
Amer Locomotive	Marine Midland
Amer Pow & Lt	Montgomery Ward
Amer Radiator	National Distillers
Anaconda Copper	N Y Central R R
Armour & Co	North American Co
Atch Top & S F	Northern Pac Ry
Bethlehem Steel	Ohio Oil
Borg-Warner	Paramount Pict
Canadian Pacific	Pennsylvania R R
Celanese Corp	Pepsi-Cola
Chase Natl Bank	Phelps Dodge
Chrysler Corp	Radio Corp
Colgate-Palm-Peet	Sears Roebuck
Commonwlth Edison	Socony Vacuum
Commonwlth & Sou	Southern Pacific
Congoleum-Nairn	Southern Railway
Crane Co	Standard Brands
duPont de Nemours	Standard Oil (Cal)
Electric Bd & Sh	Standard Oil (N J)
General Electric	Texas Company
General Motors	Union Pacific R R
Great Northern Ry	United Aircraft
Kennecott Copper	U S Steel

Woolworth Co (F W)

IF YOU OWN any of these stocks, or have been planning an early sale or purchase, you may want to have the latest Merrill Lynch "Stock Appraisals" on them—some time soon.

Each of these "Appraisals" gives you digestible details on operations, standing, earnings, outlook for an individual company . . . summarizes vital facts needed for sound investment decisions—and will be sent to you without charge.

Just check the list and let us know those you'd like* —

Department U-92

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

Underwriters and Distributors of Investment Securities
Brokers in Securities and Commodities
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 96 Cities

* When we offered similar studies before, we were gratified by the response, except that — well, it was a little too enthusiastic in a few cases. Some people asked for the whole set. We'd appreciate it if you held requests down to those companies — maybe a half dozen or so — in which you are seriously interested.

Magic Priesthood and Some Dream States

THE DIVINE PASSION. By Vardis Fisher. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1948. 373 *pp.* $3.50.

THEY MOVE WITH THE SUN. By Daniel Taylor. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1948. 278 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

"THE Divine Passion" is the fifth in a series in which Mr. Fisher plans to trace the development of human thinking as we know it, from its brutish origins in the gloom of the cave to, I presume, the embattled forum of fairly modern times. Those who have read the earlier volumes have seen the first faint intimations of thought struck accidentally like sparks from stone and the developing pattern of fearful conjecture to groveling superstition to dominant magic. In the third book, "Intimations of Eve," man lived in a matriarchy and was just upon the point of evolving (out of jealousy over woman's birth-magic and rain-magic) a magic of his own based upon the invisible powers he felt were in the air about him: the dead, the winds, the earth, the sun and moon. In the fourth, "Adam and the Serpent," he laid conscious hands upon the principle of sex and made it his weapon for victory over women.

And now, in "The Divine Passion," man has assumed the ascendency, by virtue of his magic priesthood and by virtue also of the sex principle that blossoms in him, his maleness. He worships the sun and male fertility; woman has been thrust by ritual and decree into a subservient role. But she is taking her revenge. She is beginning to exercise, consciously, the power of her own sex. And man, conversely, is beginning to doubt his own magic (the corruptive effect of thinking about it objectively), to compromise his priestly power for the sake of his fleshly needs—and at the same time to feel that the demands of this divine passion, since it draws him toward women, must constitute a weakness and an abomination.

Thus Adom, the brutal tribal leader, is slain out of the excesses of his sexual greed; Rabi, the priest, loses faith in his magic and yields to the blandishments of the beautiful Narda; and Yescha, a misshapen and maddened mystic, castrates himself in a triumphant gesture of freedom from the (now) evil passion and steps into the priesthood. Evidently this is to initiate a new neurotic period in man's thinking.

Mr. Fisher's interpretations of man's development are naturally personal and conjectural. It is easy to see that there is more of modern psychology than anthropology in his approach, and it is possible to feel that his ancient men and women, only just out of the caves, have a strangely modern quality of subtlety in their thinking. Nevertheless, Mr. Fisher is creating his continuous fabric of man's mental history with considerable success and is bringing to bear upon it a powerful poetic imagination. It is a fascinating project, and the volumes I have seen make stimulating reading.

* * *

AS Dr. Henry Leher, Mr. Taylor's protagonist in "They Move with the Sun," sits in his Park Avenue office one day, he allows his thoughts to wander backward in errant pursuit of memory, unrolling like a ball of twine with himself in pursuit of that other secret end. It is the old literary question that has spawned more books than can be named: how did the boy I was become the man I am? Dr. Leher asks it and sees again Hank Leher's childhood in Perry, the mill town in Indiana. He remembers his loving mother, Raina, and Victor, his misshapen father, and how they fought each other and how they loved him, the only unifying force in their lives. He remembers school, first love, first poems read, the discovery of economics and what it does to people. He remembers medical school, the urge to heal and the urge to write, and the final resolution of these. And the experience of later love, more searing and more indefinable than the first. These are the data of his growing years, spread before us in that time-frozen instant.

It is sensitively done, with a full and nostalgic re-creation of the succession of dream states that made up Hank Leher's youth. And yet it is not in any special sense illuminating, by which I mean that it sheds no revelatory light upon either the world of Leher's youth or Leher himself. That he was a dreamy idealist is a premise we may take for granted; and also, similarly, that the world proved less ideal than he. It is from this point

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forward that such an autobiographical novel must cut its path. I feel that Mr. Taylor's book, like most of the others, never gets away. It is lost in contemplation of the dream child, the dream youth. Despite its occasional bursts of imaginative writing it seems all too often pointless and tedious. It occurs to me that this is the kind of book writers ought to do, not first, as they usually do, but last, when they are most competent to do it well. The fact that it sometimes, rarely, has been brilliantly performed as a first novel only points up the difficulty.

Petra & Homme Fatal

ANGELO'S WIFE. By Virginia Myers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1948. 372 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT HALSBAND

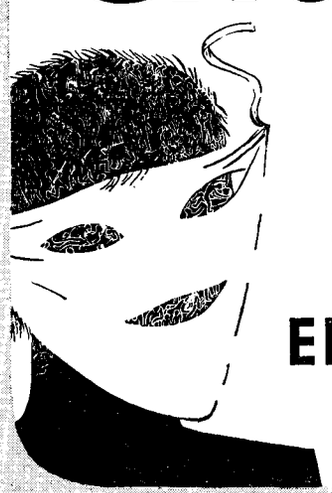
DESPITE the critical hoots and jeers which welcome so many historical romances, these literary monstrosities continue to appear. The latest is "Angelo's Wife," a choice exhibit, which runs true to form, from its gaudy bookjacket to the sob of forgiveness on its last page. The "turbulent" story takes place in California in the 1830's, and tells of the orphaned Petra, brought from Europe to marry the wealthy Angelo. When he dies soon after their marriage, she reluctantly marries his father, an *homme fatal,* whom she resists loving until almost two decades later. This is the main plot, and it is thickened, like gravy, with several lumpy subplots.

Its historical setting is superficial—gowns, jewels, adobe houses, quaint customs, Spanish names and titles. It is all as authentic as the atmosphere of a tea room. The only significant background idea—the secularization of the church Missions—is treated in a short intrusive chapter. Otherwise there is only crude visual appeal, as seen through a camera brightly. The story fails as romance, too. From Petra's "small outthrust bosom" to the final tableau, the narrative is familiarly compounded of dramatic and verbal clichés. Episodes of violence explode unexpectedly like unruly firecrackers: fights, beatings, earthquake, fire, pirate raid, cattle stampede, romantic rape. The characters' emotions are as violent—turned on and off, hot and cold, and devoid of impact because they have no connection with action or personality. And all related in an insipid, spongy style, with interminable inner monologue (the question-and-answer kind).

Hasn't this sort of fiction already achieved its *seductio ad absurdum?*

"It is not often that a reader of current novels feels that mysterious shiver somewhere between the solar plexus and the diaphragm. When he does, he knows the pure joy of discovery." —ORVILLE PRESCOTT

Charade



How these people face catastrophe, how one of them escapes to personal freedom, is a story of rare distinction and charm, "designed to bypass the defenses of the mind and strike directly at the heart and what survives of childhood sensibility . . . Mrs. Morris has chosen the most urgent of all themes and has clothed it in a boldly original form." —*The Atlantic*

At all booksellers $2.50

by EDITA MORRIS

Author of THREE WHO LOVED and MY DARLING FROM THE LIONS

THE VIKING PRESS

Robert Nathan

is at his wonderful best in his new novel

LONG AFTER SUMMER

The story of a brief interlude of faith and hope in a troubled world—for all of those who have been waiting for another *Portrait of Jennie.*

$2.00 at all bookstores

ALFRED · A · KNOPF, *Publisher*

THEY STILL NEED CARE!

For $5.50 you can help a European family meet the greatest single nutritional need—fats—with CARE's 10-pound lard package. ($6.50 to Berlin.) Delivery guaranteed by CARE's non-profit, government-approved service.

KEEP HELPING HUNGRY EUROPE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMING OCT. 9th . . . .

Sponsored Films

The Sponsored Film section of "Ideas on Film," to appear in *The Saturday Review of Literature* on October 9th, will assess the accomplishments to date of the commercially sponsored motion picture, and will point to new opportunities of film production now appearing on the business horizon.

The editorial by Raymond Spottiswoode will sketch the fields in which sponsored films have proved most successful, giving credit to product promotion, accident prevention, sports and travel, "wonders of science," etc. It will then suggest that these successes by no means exhaust the sponsor's opportunities—that there are new and scarcely tapped areas of profitable production in education and public service, housing, health and economics, where the sponsor's interest and the public interest can be made to coincide.

The signed article will be by Mary Losey, well-known documentary film worker, who has recently completed a survey for The Sugar Foundation on profitable fields of sponsored production, with special reference to films on art. Miss Losey will report on the new Robert Flaherty feature picture, "Louisiana Story," a Grand Prix winner at the 1948 International Film Festival at Venice which was sponsored by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Miss Losey will discuss the importance of such institutional films which may have an active life of 25 years or more like Flaherty's "Nanook of the North" sponsored by Revillon Freres in 1920 and now completing a successful run in a New York theatre. She will also show how the selling power of a picture is often in inverse ratio to its staying power and how a long-range point of view is often good business too.

Film Forum will feature "Louisiana Story" and also cover other recent outstanding sponsored pictures.

The Book Section will survey books and periodicals from which the sponsor can glean valuable information in getting the most out of his investment in motion pictures.

The Saturday Review of Literature

15 Cents Per Copy

Subscription Rates: $6 Per Year, $10, Two Years; $14, Three Years

ROBERT M. MACGREGOR, of Theatre Arts Books, has restored to circulation, and is distributing through Crown Publishers, two remarkable books, one of which probably deserves to be called great: "My Life in Art" ($3.75) and "An Actor Prepares" ($3) by Constantin Stanislavski.

The first of these is an autobiography, in which the famous actor-director traces the career of the stage-struck amateur who came by fumbling, stumbling ways to found and develop the Moscow Art Theatre, in collaboration with Nemirovich - Danchenko, and elucidates, step by step, the evolution which culminated in the philosophy of acting, and the method of training actors, which is known throughout the world as the Stanislavski system. This autobiography is a fascinating, untidy book, bursting with a vigor and a simplicity which both seem peculiarly Russian, and animated by an artistic passion which remained forever unsatisfied. It is immensely interesting, not only for the sake of Stanislavski's ideas and his explanations of specific problems and individual productions, but also for its picture of Russian theatrical life at the turn of the century, and its intimate views of such men as Chekhov, Tolstoy, Gorki, and Maeterlinck.

In "An Actor Prepares," however, there is a concentration of value not to be found in the autobiography. Here is the matured fruit of Stanislavski's long experience and indefatigable thinking, in a book that is not for the actor alone, but for all workers in all arts, and perhaps even for everyone who wishes to live well and fully. It is not necessary to believe in the practical perfection of the Stanislavski system to find inspiration in his brilliant insights, suggestions, and formulations, or to believe in and profit by his great basic principle that subconscious creativity may be evoked by conscious exercise and technique. "An Actor Prepares" is a book which will increasingly repay careful study, and it is pleasant to report that Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood has put it into most satisfactory English. Unfortunately one must add that the J. J. Robbins translation of "My Life in Art" is so remarkably awkward as to be frequently contemptible.

Ivan Turgeniev, whose "A Month in the Country" was in the repertory of the Moscow Art Theatre, and whose reputation seems to have waned a bit of late, may find some new readers through the reprinting of "First Love" and two other short novels in a volume (Lear, $3.50) which contains appreciations of the author by James, Conrad, and Mérimée. The genial Russian, who turned his back on Dostoievskian violence and disorder, to make himself master of a lucidity, an elegance, and a form that were characteristically French, regarded literature from the purely artistic point of view, and so practised it. In André Gide's "The Immoralist," now reissued by Knopf ($2.50)—a story that is all subtlety, nuance, understatement, and gradual revelation—we have a fine example of the kind of story-telling which Turgeniev admired, and sought with success to emulate in Russian.

Arthur Machen's devotion to literature was no less steady, although less passionate and less conspicuous, than Stanislavski's devotion to the theatre, and his experience was a heart-breaking one, or would have been if his had been the kind of writer's heart that breaks. Almost ignored for the first forty years of his career, he enjoyed a sudden, brief flare-up of popularity, thanks to an American vogue critically sponsored by Carl Van Vechten and Vincent Starrett, and practically supported by Alfred Knopf. Then he was largely ignored again until his death in 1947. Philip Van Doren Stern has gathered together some of his most effective stories in "Tales of Horror and the Supernatural by Arthur Machen" (Knopf, $5.95), which contains a reminiscent note by Robert Hillyer. These tales are good, in the first rank of their kind, but I still think that the best of all Machen's writing is to be found in his autobiographical volumes, which are instinct with the man's charm, his wisdom, and his highly individual responsiveness to life.

Another great writer who passed from success to neglect, because his crowning work was not understood, is Melville, whose massive, powerful, rhapsodical, symbolical "Moby Dick" (75¢) has been added to the well-printed Rinehart Editions (Rinehart College Dept.) along with Hardy's "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (65¢) and Gogol's "Dead Souls" (65¢).

BEN RAY REDMAN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page 9*)

hundred imitations, or the alternative devices of using microfilm, instead of books, are all but sorry stopgaps; indeed, they themselves become a further problem. The mere presence of these ingenious mechanical facilities has about the same effect that results from the widening of a crowded traffic artery in a city: it actually increases the amount of traffic the avenue will have to bear and in the long run aggravates the very condition it set out to cure. No, the fact is that here, as in so many other departments, is no purely mechanical solution for the problem of quantification. The answer must in fact be framed in qualitative terms, not by inventing a new machine, but by transforming the purposes and values of the human agent who uses it.

Why should we gratuitously assume, as we so constantly do, that the mere existence of a mechanism for manifolding or mass production carries with it an obligation to use it to the fullest capacity? If we are not to court mental obfuscation, indeed complete paralysis, we must learn to exercise, first of all, a certain continence and discipline in publication, printing nothing by way of routine, nothing because we have a schedule to meet and pages to fill, nothing merely for the doubtful luster and glory of getting our names into print a sufficient number of times each year to jog the attention of our peers and our administrative superiors. To achieve control, we shall even, I suspect, have to reconsider and perhaps challenge the whole notion of periodical publication, particularly by week or month, as a possibly needless incitement to premature or superfluous publication. I do not intend to canvass all the special and personal devices that we might invent to meet this situation. What I do insist upon is that we cannot inertly accept a burdensome technique of over-production without inventing a social discipline for handling it; and that until we do this our intellectual situation will steadily worsen.

What applies so plainly to mass printing applies in equal or even greater degree to almost every other department of mass production. Our production levels in every field must be based, not on the physical capacities of our machines to multiply goods, but the capacities of the human organism to assimilate them and convert them, ultimately, into an orderly, purposive, rational, and significant life. Without such a hierarchy of life needs and values, without the constant subordination of technics to human purpose, the present tempo of mechanical production can result only in an increasing misdirection and nullification of power and effort.

The control of quantity is bound up with still another problem, likewise derived from our very success. Every technical process tends, in its perfection, to eliminate the active worker from participation and to produce an effective substitute: the automaton. The original model for all our automatic machines is the mechanical clock, and machinery approaches perfection as it takes on the regularity, the self-regulation, the uniformity in production, that a good chronometer achieves. But the notion of a self-regulating mechanism, performing its own functions, not subject to direct human interventions or control, has spread from simple machines to the whole process. The tendency in mass production is to transfer initiative and significance from the worker who once operated the machine to the machine that operates the worker. As the process becomes more highly rationalized, on its own narrow terms, the worker becomes, as it were, de-rationalized; and this applies on every level in the organization.

By now we have discovered that there are serious drawbacks in this process which were not evident in its earlier stages. Not the least is that increasingly the only way in which men can assert their specifically human qualities, once they are engaged by an automatic process, is by non-participation, by resistance, by throwing a monkey wrench into the works. This limiting of the power of rational participation, and therefore rational control, tends likewise to produce a sense of impotence. Once a process is in motion, once a product is, so to say, in the works, everyone feels that nothing can be done to alter the end product or to halt the operation. While people have little doubt that human intention, human will, starts the process of invention and production, they have become so deeply the victim of their own automatism that they tend blindly to deny that human intention and human effort may also bring the process to an end or change its direction, once it has been fixed.

Do not, I beg, misunderstand the

AN IMMEDIATE **SUCCESS!**

"Not a false note in it . . . helps to illumine life . . . casts a shadow somewhat larger than itself."
Saturday Review

"Dramatic, balanced, forceful . . . a novel to live with while you read and to think about afterwards."
George Conrad
N. Y. Herald Tribune Sunday

"Deals brilliantly and compassionately with the tensions of a Canadian-American marriage."
William DuBois—N. Y. Times

"The book is worthy of his talent."
John K. Hutchens
N. Y. Herald Tribune

The PRECIPICE

by HUGH MacLENNAN

Author of the Prize Winning Bestseller TWO SOLITUDES

A deeply absorbing novel that you can't afford to miss

AT YOUR BOOKSELLERS . . . $3.00

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

✠ *Great religious stories from Ancient to modern times*

Golden Legends

Collected by
SAMUEL CUMMINGS
Introduction by ALSON J. SMITH

A rich treasure of religious writing from the Old Testament to such modern writers as Don Marquis, John Steinbeck and Selma Lagerlöf. Here indeed is rewarding reading —45 stories of man's religious experience through the ages as re-created by the great writers of each period. *45 stories, 560 pages, $4.00*

At all bookstores

PELLEGRINI & CUDAHY
new york

"Panorama of Oriental Beauty"
—Saturday Review of Literature

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS of

CHINA'S ART

by Dagny Carter

The story of a great art, told side by side with the events which influenced its expression. Covering pottery, porcelain, sculpture, bronzes, silks, decorative art and gardens, it will be welcomed by art lovers, collectors, artists and students who want a sound knowledge of Chinese art.

"Surprisingly comprehensive and coherent . . . Well illustrated."
—The New Yorker $7.50

At your bookseller or from

THE RONALD PRESS COMPANY
15 East 26th Street, New York 10

bearing of this argument. For me, as for the most ardent apologist for the machine, the automaton is Western civilization's decisive answer to the problem Aristotle propounded—on what terms human slavery might be brought to an end. Furthermore, our knowledge of the wisdom of the body, as Dr. Walter Cannon called it, leaves no doubt as to the benefits of automatic processes in any kind of vital economy: automatic machines and organizations are as useful to society as the system of nervous reflexes and endocrines is to the human body; both forms of automatism leave the mind free for the exercise of its higher functions. But in individual men, the condition for successful automatism is fulfilled by an overall agency, the brain, which may intervene when necessary and resume the functions of government: evaluation and conscious direction.

The tendency to overlook the human end which our automatic organizations serve has begun to pervade our whole civilization; and in the end, if it is uncorrected, it may effectually undermine our best achievements. For the fact is that standardization, superorganization, automatism, which are the real and special triumphs of modern technics, tend with their very perfection to produce routineers—people whose vital interests and activities lie outside the system to which they have committed themselves. The vice that dogged the regularities and automaticisms of monastic life in the Middle Ages, the vice called acedia, or lethargic indifference, already tends to creep into the older, staler departments of our technology. For one Robert R. Young who tries to awaken his colleagues from their somnolent routine, there are ten anti-Youngs in the railroad system and elsewhere, whose secret motto is: "Anything for a quiet life." Unless extraneous jolts and challenges awaken such people, as a war awakens an army from its paper shuffling and button polishing, their indifference and their more active boredom may in time produce an overall loss of efficiency. Only innocents fancy that the practice of feather-bedding is confined to unions.

When we eliminate the active human factor in industry, in other words, we may also eliminate, with all but fatal success, the impulses, passions, drives, and aspirations that make for continued technical perfection. This possibility has been amply demonstrated by the work of many investigators, beginning in a crude way with early efficiency engineers like Gannt, and going forward in such inquiries as those Professor Elton Mayo conducted in the famous Western Electric experiment at Hawthorne. No matter how marvelous our inventions, how productive our industries, how exquisitely automatic our machines, the whole process may be brought to a standstill by its failure fully to engage the human personality or to serve its needs. During the nineteenth century, technics often served as a substitute for religion and love; the machine was to some a God, commanding obedience, to others a mistress, evoking passionate pursuit and affectionate loyalty,—in any case a refuge from the vexatious problems of human destiny, of life and death. For a time, as Henry Adams put it, the dynamo supplanted the Virgin; power dominated life.

But outside backward states like Soviet Russia that faith and that attitude no longer prevail. In addition to doing its daily job, technics no longer serves as a system of redemption and salvation. At the end of his "Faust," the great humanist Goethe preached the doctrine of salvation by works—meaning by works, in so many words, engineering works, like the draining of marshes and the cutting of canals. Indeed, he confessed to Eckermann, toward his end, that he would like to live on another half century so that he might behold the cutting through of the Suez and Panama canals. Does that confession not seem a little naive today? Would a man on the brink of the grave wish to prolong his life, so that he might see the first full-scale use of the atom bomb? Or the first wide-spread trial of bacteria in unrestricted genocide? On the contrary, these very possibilities cast a doubt on the whole process to which we so wholeheartedly committed our civilization. If once our automatism led us to such suicidal conclusions, mankind might recoil from the machine itself, precisely as Samuel Butler jokingly predicted in "Erewhon."

Is there any way of circumventing such a crisis? Is there any alternative to such a dismal backward step? Yes, the answer is to exert a mighty

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 757)

M. CLAPP:
*FORGOTTEN FIRST CITIZEN**
(*John Bigelow*)

He was . . . a common-sense mystic. . . . He belonged to the double tribe of Joseph, both dreamers and doers, men of the type of Milton, Lincoln, and Pasteur, who are better citizens on earth because they hold fast to their citizenship in heaven.

*Pulitzer prize biography, 1948.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effort, here and now, in order to correct the internal weaknesses which threaten our society. Part of this answer must come from within the world of technics itself, part from our culture as a whole—in both cases a change from mechanical criteria to living criteria. As for the first, many correctives have already appeared in our technology, as a growing interest in living processes has supplemented our original concentration on the physical world. Thanks to the development of biological, sociological, and psychological science, we are often equipped with alternative ways of performing the same task, or reaching the same end. Just as a psychiatrist, confronted with a neurotic patient, may in certain cases have a choice in treatment of electrical shock (a mechanical device), of insulin shock (a chemical device), of psychoanalysis (a psychological device), or of vocational and sociodramatic therapy (a sociological device). Surgeons once performed elegant operations on the stomach and duodenum, which are now more happily treated by a correct diet or psychological guidance. As soon as we transfer attention, within technics, from the machine to the personality and the community, that shift will itself introduce regulative and normative standards into every operation. As yet, only a small part of our technics has escaped the narrowing influence of its original mechanical preoccupations.

Such internal changes in technics, however, will remain secondary to a larger change in our culture as a whole; for no part of our technics is self-sustaining, and no part is unaffected by decisions we make in other departments of our culture, decisions of a moral, esthetic, religious, or political nature. Not the Power Man, not the Profit Man, not the Mechanical Man, but the Whole Man, must be the central actor in the new drama of civilization. This means that we must reverse the order of development which first produced the machine; we must now explore the world of history, culture, organic life, human development, as we once explored the non-living world of nature. We must understand the organics of personality as we first understood the statics and mechanics of physical processes; we must center attention on quality, value, pattern, and purpose, as we once centered attention on quantity, on physical relationships, on mass and motion.

If technics is not to play a wholly destructive part in the future of Western civilization we must now ask ourselves, for the first time, what sort of society and what kind of man are we seeking to produce? About any and every machine, above all about the technical process itself, the critical question is: How much does this instrument further life? If it does not promote human welfare, in the fullest sense, an atomic pile is as disreputable as a pinball game or a jukebox. In short, we must do justice to the whole nature of man before we can make the most of our mechanical improvements. The restoration of the organic, the human, the personal, to a central place in our economy, is essential if we are to overcome the forces that, without such overall direction and control, are now driving our society ever closer to internal disintegration and external destruction.

The guiding principle of the last century was summed up in the title of a notable book recently published by the Swiss scholar, Dr. Siegfried Giedion, "Mechanization Takes Command." But if Western civilization is to overcome the disruptive forces that have issued forth from the very processes in which it has taken most pride, from which it has looked for the relief of man's estate and indeed his personal salvation, we will have to take for our guiding principle in the future a quite different motto: Let Man Take Command. Instead of continuing to mechanize and regiment man, we must undertake just the opposite operation; we must humanize the machine, restoring lifelike attributes, the attributes of selectivity, balance, wholeness, autonomy, and freedom in every department where work must be done. To follow that course, in all its ramifications and implications, will be to lay down the foundations for a new age—not the latest Age of the Machine, but the first real Age of Man.

Mr. Mumford's essay is based upon an address delivered last month before the centenary meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Washington, D. C.

ALREADY SOLD TWO ARTICLES HALFWAY THROUGH COURSE

"As I enter the last half of my training, I know I have gained in knowledge and confidence far more than the tuition price. Two feature articles I submitted to the Boston Post have been accepted. My suggestion to all would-be writers is 'Learn to write the right way, through N.I.A.'"—Mrs. Miriam H. Hayes, Savvanah Beach, Ga.

How Do You Know You *Can't* Write?

HAVE you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of **training**, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back waiting for the **day** to come when you will awaken all of a sudden to the discovery, "I am a writer?"

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably **never will write.** Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its **writing instruction** on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

Newspaper Institute's New York Copy Desk Method starts and keeps you writing in your own home. You receive actual assignments, just as if you were at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is **individually** corrected and constructively criticized. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly creating your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that develops your talent, insight, background and confidence as nothing else could.

Many potential writers become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and, therefore, give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, book reviews, articles on business, home-making, hobbies, travel, local, church and club activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure moments.

A chance to test yourself—FREE!

Our unique Writing Aptitude Test tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it free, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

FREE NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

☐ Send me, without cost or obligation, your Free Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in The Saturday Review of Literature, Oct. 2nd.

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }

Address.....

☐ Check here if eligible under the G. I. Bill of Rights. (All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.)

61-S-808

Copyright 1948 Newspaper Institute of America

OUT-OF-PRINT and **HARD-TO-FIND** books supplied; also genealogies, town histories, incomplete sets completed, back numbers all magazines, etc. **All subjects, all languages.** Send us your list of book-wants—no obligation. We report quickly. Lowest prices. *(We also supply all current books at publishers' prices postpaid.)*

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street Dept. S New York 19, N. Y.

We also buy old books, magazines, prints, letters, documents, etc. Send us your list.

Gunning for Facts? read **In fact**

the weekly newsletter edited by

GEORGE SELDES

Author, Lords of the Press, 1000 Americans, etc.

It's not always easy to nail a lie, destroy a myth, offset a popular misconception. Having the facts at your fingertips helps, especially in these days of hysteria and propaganda. IN FACT is an antidote to falsehood in the daily press; publishes vital, documented, significant yet suppressed facts on such topics as press, profits and prices; propaganda and politics; war scares and witch-hunts; and many other equally important subjects.

52 issues for $2
(less than 4¢ a copy)
A Small Price for the Truth

Dept. 21
IN FACT, Inc.
280 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

Here is $2. Send me IN FACT for 52 weeks.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....Zone.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

ORCHESTRA

VIOLINS wail
with plaintive woe,
lashed with the flail
of a pitiless bow.

Cantabiles roll,
resonant, mellow,
from deep in the soul
of a red-wood cello.

The big bass-fiddle,
staccato, legato,
scraped in the middle
or plucked *pizzicato.*

Clarinets race
(tone round as a pebble)
all over the place
from the bass to the treble.

The brassy throats
of the trumpets blare,
the flute spills notes
like a bird in air.

Piccolo's nimble,
plays harlequin pranks;
a disc of cymbal
clashes and clanks.

Low-down tubas,
bass-drum with 'em,
beat out Cuba's
red-hot rhythm.

A slide-trombone
with its derby hat on;
a podium throne
and a fiery baton.

KATHARINE O'BRIEN.

* * *

Sometimes I stand amazed at the young men. The most cried-up poet of this new generation is undoubtedly W. H. Auden, just as T. S. Eliot before him is, to most, a god in a mist. Yet, among various clever remarks (and some very good) concerning poetry, written for the recent book on the Lockwood Library Collection, I found Auden dismissing Shelley as a poet he wholly detested. I suppose one has to be young to enjoy these sweeping dismissals. I don't suppose Shelley will suffer! But I think the mood is characteristic of the young men, particularly the young critics. Mr. Auden is, of course, a poet (which is certainly a cut above being a critic), yet I find him again, in "A Selection from the Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," which was published four years ago, making the glib remark that though Tennyson "had the finest ear, perhaps, of any English poet, he was also undoubtedly the stupidest." That is a large order indeed! True, as Auden says, Tennyson *did* know all about—and exploited—melancholia. But one need not become so irritated at the tendency to maunder in Tennyson (though one may appreciate the parody of him in Swinburne's "Seven Against Sense") that one even echoes, as Auden does (and misquotes), Bulwer's gibe of "School-Miss Alfred." Bulwer (lately having added Lytton to his name) was piqued that Tennyson had received a pension instead of his own protégé, James Sheridan Knowles, an old actor now completely forgotten. Tennyson had never solicit-

ed such a pension in his own behalf, and despite all that was said by his constant backbiters, he consistently refused a baronetcy later and had many doubts about becoming one of Victoria's peers. Besides, his reply to Bulwer Lytton in *Punch* (he did not himself send the verses to that periodical) "The New Timon and the Poets" (which I am glad to see that Mr. Auden includes in his "Selections") swiped the "bandbox" off the board with one cuff of the lion's paw. But to say that Tennyson was the *stupidest* of English poets seems to me even more stupid than to revive such an old gibe. In his later years the bard fossilized somewhat in his opinions, but his interest in the living world around him, in the advances of science, in the coil of men's wars and revolutions, was as active in age as it had been in youth. He practised a didacticism quite alien to the shuddering new estheticism of these days, and sometimes, in the grip of this didacticism he wrote absolute non-poetry. One has only to compare the magical passages in the original "Locksley Hall" and the almost complete prosiness of "Locksley Hall—Sixty Years After." Yet the couplets of the latter (written, by the way, at the age of seventy-seven!) have gleams that are hardly "stupid":

What are men that He should heed
us? cried the king of sacred
song;
Insects of an hour, that hourly work
their brother insect wrong.

The savage misanthropy of a Robinson Jeffers would have been nothing new to Tennyson. He had plumbed the darkest doubts of the mind—but he always emerged as a strong swimmer from the grip of a fierce undertow. For that reason he was the poet who wrote:

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy
face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

. . .

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not
why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

If that is being stupid, particularly in view of all the lifelong questioning and arguing with himself in which Tennyson indulged, in "The Two Voices," in "In Memoriam," and elsewhere throughout his voluminous poetry, then all noble utterance is stupid, and the snicker and the cackle are of much more worth. "He is a wonderful man for nature and life," said the old unlettered shepherd who sat at table with the Tennysons at Farringford. In spite of the naive conceit concerning his own work—he even continued to think that his worst play, "The Promise of May," was a gem—and his questionable judgment concerning his best, I think that that judgment of Tennyson will stand. Nor was it particularly proof of his stupidity when, in conversation with the then young Wilfrid Ward (who was impressed by the poet's knowledge) he quoted with exactness the number, dates, and circumstances of all the principal schisms of so esoteric a faith as Buddhism. As for Tennyson's disillusionment with his own time, which hurt the feelings of Gladstone, he had yet remarked:

Earth at last a warless world, a single
race, a single tongue—
I have seen her far away—for is not
Earth as yet so young?

Do our idealists of today see any farther? Stupid—indeed!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. creator. 2. murderer. 3. suitor. 4. aunt. 5. father. 6. son. 7. servant. 8. cousin-and-wife. 9. healer. 10. best friend. 11. enchantress. 12. husband. 13. mistress. 14. companion. 15. petitioner. 16. teacher. 17. same person. 18. sister. 19. brother. 20. stepmother.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BEETHOVEN, SYMPHONY No. 7, National Symphony Orch. (Engl.), Fistoulari. Decca London EDA 55 (5).	Extraordinary recording — Beethoven for once is well licked (he is the worst of all composers for recording!). New standards of wide-range; beautiful highs, unusually good, low bass, esp. at low levels. Smooth hiss helps soft parts.	A+	(*See below.*) Good performances of Beethoven are routine—this is an excellent one, though hardly Toscanini-like. But recording brings through such detail, so much music, that hearing this adequately reproduced is an experience.
DEBUSSY, IMAGES No. 2: IBERIA; BERCEUSE HEROIQUE (1914) arr. orch. Paris Conservatory Orch. Münch. Decca London EDA 51 (3).	Same type of recording, but here even more effective; Debussy's Spanish colors are highly suitable for recording. Good perspective, through orch.	A+	Another in the notable Decca series by this orch. Fine performance made better by the ultra-clear recording. "Berçeuse" is evidently piano work composed to honor Albert I of Belgium in 1914.

ENGLAND FORGES AHEAD

ON the one hand there is the continued quibbling as to the "advisability" of wider-range reproduction, as reflected here in recent discussions concerning the LP record players; and, on the other, while our recording is strike-bound, technological progress goes on in every department by leaps and bounds and recording, unchecked in Europe, sends us extraordinary new albums like the above British Deccas.

There can be no question that it is a crime to play such records on any phonograph that reproduces nothing of consequence over four or five thousand cycles. There can be no doubt that with even reasonably good wider-range equipment these records are extraordinary for any ears. Our own best records, all made before this year, are far ahead of most current phonograph equipment too; but these go farther still, the gap between existing machine and existing record widens daily—even as the potential, and unused, quality of playing equipment continues to mount in a technological vacuum!

These London Deccas gain their quality in three ways. First, in the acoustics, a very live, realistic, utterly musical-minded style that is beyond compare for the great classics of the nineteenth century (though for other types of music it is often unsuited). Second in the recording, for the most part extraordinarily free of distortion, wide-range (we can no longer safely speak of 10,000 cycles but must assume useful music here to be somewhere near 14,000), wide in dynamic range. Third, in the records themselves, with a high shellac content for sharp, crisp, smooth sound, the hiss not so much low in volume as extremely even and silky-smooth. (It is not the volume of hiss that bothers but its unevenness and the dreadful rhythmic distractions set up.) There is only one way to play these records, and that is to *reproduce* them. Literally, as they were recorded: "flat," so that every tone comes through undistorted exactly in the relative strength it entered the microphone. No "false" bass, no mellowing-down of upper tones to taste. With records like these (our U. S. ones can be as good when recording is resumed) all such tastewise devices are superfluous or should be.

So England forges ahead while we buy up last year's records and the art is frozen, as of 1947. Perhaps just as well, for the home phonograph has an enormous way to go before it can catch up. To hear these latest records fully *reproduced* is an exciting thing, apt to generate a hopping enthusiasm for the ingenuity of the human race. But for the phonograph-maker the sound, again, is something less than pleasant; in these times it is not easy for him to oblige us with the perfect machine, even though equipment to make it is ready-designed and on the market. All we can ask, then, is an end to prevarication, to the ineffective rationalizing that still insists the public doesn't want anything different. Let's snap out of that, at least.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

THE BODLEY PRESS
has the honor to announce publication
of

The Case of Ezra Pound

by CHARLES NORMAN

with opinions by:

- CONRAD AIKEN
- E.E. CUMMINGS
- F. O. MATTHIESSEN
- WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
- LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

Price $1.50

Available today at your bookstore or

THE BODLEY PRESS
104 5th AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

Who - what - when - where in Music

HARVARD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC

by WILLI APEL

IF you collect records, if you go to concerts, if you are a musician — this book is "a must item for the music shelf."
— MUSIC TEACHERS' QUARTERLY

Over 3000 items, 834 pages, illustrated, $6.00. At all bookstores

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

ESSAYS ON HISTORICAL MEDICINE

by Bernard J. Ficarra, M.D.

Member of American Association of the History of Medicine; New York Society for Medical History; New York Academy of Sciences.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. American Pioneers in Abdominal Surgery.
II. Amputations & Prostheses through the Centuries.
III. Famous Cripples of the Past.
IV. Surgical References in Shakespeare.
V. The Evolution of Blood Transfusion.
VI. Walter Reed at Kings County Hospital.
VII. An Historical Review of Pathology.
VIII. Famous Autopsies in History.

Cloth, octavo; 224 pages; 50 illustrations. Price $5.00

FROBEN PRESS, INC.
1776 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED for TRAVEL

SUMMER OCCUPATION

IN the spring of this year a Japanese living in Kyoto took pen in hand, and in laborious English wrote a note to an American friend who had just returned to his home in New York after a trip to Japan.

"Dear Mr. Crowley," it began, "I am very happy to write you a note to express my heartiest thanks for your kind presents—candy and chocolate ball, oh! sweet and delicacy never tasted before for me and my brother . . . Hoping to have your letters and Xmas presents this year, Sincerely yours, Ryoiti Okamoto, 1st son of T. Okamoto."

Mr. Okamoto's letter was probably the first of many such missives that soon will be on their way to Americans from their recent enemies, the Germans and the Japanese. This summer, for the first time since hostilities started, limited tourist travel both in occupied Germany and occupied Japan was begun by the American Express Company. Americans with nothing more than a passport and a voucher indicating they had signed up for the seven-day, $175-tour of Japan were cleared for entry.

On their first day in Toyko this summer's visitors checked in either at the Teito or the Tokyo, two of the "traders' hotels" which are under Army requisition but are serviced by the Japanese. They paid $10 a day per person with meals, a rate which is standard in all the traders' hotels. In the afternoon they visited the Imperial Palace Plaza, and the Dai Ichi Building, MacArthur's headquarters. They found the Diet Building, on the outskirts of the city, untouched by bombardment, although the German Embassy, 100 yards away, is completely destroyed. They were appalled by the damage from American incendiaries, let alone the atomic bomb. Neither Hiroshima nor Nagasaki is a stop on the tour. Next morning the group left Ueno Station for Nikko, and the following night the tourists were on a Japanese sleeper. Japanese trains are neither standard or narrow gauge, but they run on time simply because in the pre-MacArthur days to bring in a late train was to insult the Emperor. Much of the system is electrified. Allied personnel, military, civilian, and tourist, ride in special cars attached to the regular Japanese trains, and eat in diners bossed by a GI mess sergeant. The sleepers are designed after our own Pullmans, but, as you might suspect, the berths are short for Occidentals. In Atami it is possible to arrange accomodations at the Atami Kanko, a hotel which is Japanese-owned and -operated. The Atami Kanko maintains Eastern and Western wings, each of which has its own entrance. If you choose to go East, you must, of course, take your shoes off upon entering, sleep on a mat with pillow and blankets, eat raw fish and drink hot *saki* wine, an innocuous brew. Should you be invited to a Japanese home you'll probably be served ox, the only meat available. But it is fried into *sukiyaki,* and we have it on the word of an American Express man that though tough, it is still meat.

Things didn't get quite that native over in Germany this summer, where American Express operated three tours from Paris and one from Switzerland. Five-day trips cost $125, eight-day trips $200, including rail and sleeper fare from Paris to Frankfurt, and motor coach travel inside Germany. An organization known as the JEIA, an alphabetical offshoot of AMGUS, American Military Government, had hotels operating at Bad Homburg (outside Frankfurt), Wiesbaden, Furth (outside Nuremberg), Munich, Augsburg, Stuttgart, and Karlsruhe. The food, an amalgamation of the best available European produce, American imports, and GI rations, prepared by German hands, was excellent. The sights, except those that had been altered by high explosives, were pretty much the same as those the tourists were shown before the war. Even some of the German guides, newly denazified, were back on the job. And isn't the American zone mostly sightseeing country anyway?

In a few days American Express will announce individual tours of three to nine days' duration, in private prewar German cars. Each car can hold one to four persons, and there will be seven itineraries from which to choose, all Frankfort to Frankfort. Most of the tourists will start from some European point, but Americans, if they so desire, can write to the Military Permit Officer in Washington and fly from New York to Frankfort via American Overseas Airlines. The tours will run right through the year, and plans are going ahead now to open forty more hotels in the Bavarian area in places like Bayreuth, Oberammergau, and Garmisch-Partenkirchen. All we need, really, is a little *lebensraum.*

HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

U. S. A.

VISIT THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST. By Ray H. Glassley. Portland: Binfords & Mort. 1948. 182 *pp.* $2.50.

Idaho, Oregon, and Washington have many attractions which draw thousands of tourists every year. But no one would ever guess it from this

—*Fotopress Bilderdienst.*

Americans in Heidelberg this summer—"Isn't the American zone mostly sightseeing country anyway?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

book. The first half—sections entitled "Caves, Craters, Lava Fields," "Waterfalls, Springs, and Rivers," "Lakes, Canyons, Marshes, and a Lost River," and "Mountain Ranges and Peaks"—sounds as if it had been written as a master's thesis by a geology student. A sample paragraph:

> The upper reaches of the glaciers are of clean snow. As they slowly flow, dust and debris is accumulated until at the termini of some of them it is next to impossible to visibly distinguish between rock and ice. Along the margins in places are lateral moraines and some of the glaciers possess medial moraines.

The second half resembles a thesis by a history student, covering "Pars, Old Roads, and Trails," "Old Forts and Battlegrounds," "Indians, Reservations, Wars, and Missions," "Picture Writing, Money, Gold, Early Ships" and "Early Newspapers, Colleges, and Mail Service." A sample paragraph on a modern park:

> Saddle Mountain Park, also in Clatsop County and almost in its exact center, covers 2,682 acres of cut over timber land and contains three peaks of 3,000 feet. It is of great geologic interest because its formation of conglomerate is intersected by many dikes of lava.

SANTA BARBARA ADOBES. By Clarence Cullimore. Santa Barbara: Santa Barbara Book Publishing Co. 1948. 225 *pp.* $4.90.

This is strictly a book for *aficionados* of old adobe houses in Santa Barbara, Calif. It contains sketches, floor plans, and histories of existing adobe houses, as well as non-existent ones or reconstructions and restorations. There are even four pages devoted to the Gutierrez Adobe, the complete text of which follows:

> This old adobe is in a state of dilapidation. Through lack of care and protection it is slowly succumbing to the elements. . . . Situated on a small hill above Mission Canyon is the ruin of the adobe house of Senora Gutierrez, who married Padro Ignacio, an Indian. The orchard which formerly surrounded it was called the Indian orchard. Little is known about this now forlorn relic, or the people who lived there. It possesses no architectural significance.

CROSSROADS OF AMERICA: THE STORY OF KANSAS CITY. By Darrell Garwood. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1948. 331 *pp.* $4.

The average traveler driving across the country usually asks his motor club or an oil company for a route which avoids the larger cities. But he will be none the worse off if he does a little extracurricular reading about some of the cities whose crowded high-

—*From "Old Korea."*

ways he avoids. The history is usually better than the driving, or, for train trippers, the lay-overs in railroad yards. Mr. Garwood's book is a fascinating account of the developmeent of one of the largest cities west of the Mississippi. It deals with the personalities who made Kansas City the great city that it is. Most Americans are familiar with the names of Kit Carson, Fremont, Jesse James, and Thomas Hart Benton. But how about Charley Quantrill, Colonel Coates, Arthur Stilwell, and Colonel Swope? It's not a book for the tourist traveling to or from the West Coast who is looking for sights to see or hotels at which to stay, but it's good historical background material which will help him understand the area through which he is passing.

Latin America

THROW ME A BONE. By Eleanor Lothrop. Illustrated by John O'Hara Cosgrove II. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 234 *pp.* $3.

Mrs. Lothrop has written charmingly and wittily about her life as an archeologist's wife in small towns in Chile, Guatemala, and Panama, of travel in areas which most tourists never see or know about. Her honeymoon ended on a small Chilean cattle boat where cows took precedence over human passengers. In southern Chile, an irate Indian chased her with a knife. She learned the hard way—by doing it wrong—how to uncover old burial mounds without disarranging skeletons and pottery. She was immensely proud when she thought she had mastered the science of diagnosing age and sex of a skeleton, only to have one which she identified as that of a forty-seven-year-old woman turn out to be that of a male llama. She set up housekeeping in an adobe hut among hostile Indians in a Guatemalan village where no foreigners had lived for 200 years. Setting up a camp in Panama was delayed when, in digging holes for an outhouse, each successive hole turned out to be a grave and had to be abandoned for later careful excavation. A thoroughly amusing and informative book.

The Pacific

HAWAII. By Norman J. Wright. Photographs by Fritz Henle. New York: Hastings House. 1948. 70 *pp.* $5.

Most tourists probably think of Hawaii in terms of a hula girl performing on the beach at Waikiki against a background of outrigger tunes written in Tin Pan Alley by somebody who has never been west of Hoboken. This book presents a beautiful collection of photographs of Hawaii (not just Honolulu) showing what the traveler can see in the territory if he gets away from the beaten path on Oahu Island and tries to take in a little more than a sunrise view of Diamond Head. The text, though brief, is better than mere captions, and provides an understanding of local customs to accompany the pictures. An excellent souvenir, too, for those who have been to Hawaii.

TROPICAL ADVENTURE. By H. Tscherning Petersen. New York: Roy Publishers. 1948. 275 *pp.* $3.50.

With the Netherlands East Indies currently striving to achieve independence of one kind or another, this prewar story of the adventures of a white *tuan* on Sumatra seems a little out of date. Written in what might be called the romantic style, it tells of what happened to a young Dane who went to Sumatra looking for a job, and found one, as well as romance, drinks, servants, and a house of his own before he was fired after one

*** Double-Crostic Fans!**

Our faces are red! On Sept. 18th we asked you to order William Rose Benét's THE READER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA on a coupon that backed up your double crostic! So here's a new coupon. Order today and save $1.00 on

The Reader's Encyclopedia

Edited by *William Rose Benét*

To your bookseller or
THOMAS Y. CROWELL,
432 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Reserve for me a copy of THE READER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA at a special prepublication price of $5.00 ($5.75 thumb indexed). When book is published, send me my copy and bill me.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

NOT GOOD AFTER OCTOBER 25.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

year's service on a plantation. It is more in the Halliburton tradition than a realistic current travel book, but romantics who have never been to the East Indies and who will probably never get there will love it.

BEACH CONGER.

Beach Conger, former foreign correspondent, is now travel editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

For Young Readers

JAPAN. By Cornelia Spencer. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. New York: Holiday House. 1948. 24 *pp.* $1.25.

SCANDINAVIA. By Edwin Ben Evans. Illustrated by Rafaello Bunsoni. New York: Holiday House. 1948. 24 *pp.* $1.25.

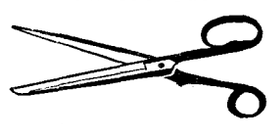
The teen-ager who is exposed to informative but simply worded books about other lands may be the travel enthusiast of tomorrow. These two little books, both profusely and exquisitely illustrated, are additions to a series that provides such a stimulus to the younger reader. Containing brief historical backgrounds, colorful descriptive material, and concise pictures of present-day life, they are also worth the attention of the travel-minded adult. In writing of Japan, however, Cornelia Spencer tends to stress the sweetness and light of Japanese character at the expense of fact. Certainly the brutalities of the recent war have no place in a travel volume. But her presentation of the Japanese as a totally gentle and in most ways superior people, her implied opinion that their part in the war was justified by circumstances, cannot help but ring false to the reader of any age.

MARION CONGER.

Marion Conger, wife of Beach Conger, is a well-known juvenile author.

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

*** On the back of this is a coupon you can cut out**



without destroying anything of value from this issue of *SRL*

The Film Forum

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK
Oct. 4-9

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

THE CHEMISTRY OF FIRE Produced by the U. S. Navy. May be purchased from the U. S. Government Division of Castle Films, 445 Park Avenue, New York, 22, N. Y. (Forty-six minutes.) $54.	Demonstrates how the elements fuel, oxygen, and ignition temperature must be present in order to have fire; differentiates between flash point and ignition point of fuels, and gives two ways in which a fire may be extinguished. (Two filmstrips for sale at 72¢ each: "Fire" and "The Use of Fire Extinguishers."
NO TIME TO LOSE An Aetna Educational Film. May be rented without charge from Affiliated Aetna Life Companies, Hartford, Conn. (Five-minute short.)	Every man, woman, and child should know what to do first when a fire occurs—sound the alarm—and know how to do it. The three ways are demonstrated so that the fire department may be on the scene in the shortest possible time. The film also shows the steps taken by the fire department after the alarm.
FIREMAN Produced by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films (Primary Grades Series), 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill. (Ten minutes.) $50.	Designed for use with younger children, this film shows the organization and activities of a city fire department, the daily routine of firemen, and maintenance of fire-fighting equipment for maximum efficiency, ladder and life-saving drills.
SCHOOL OF THE FIRE FIGHTER May be borrowed without cost from the Civil Aeronautics Administration, Audio-Visual Training Aids Section, Commerce Building, Washington 25, D. C. (Forty minutes.)	A complete unit of study-training film in which the proper methods of approaching and fighting all types of fires are clearly demonstrated. The film shows how to use the apparatus—the use of carbon dioxide extinguishers and foam in fighting fires. There are no advertising "plugs."
SMOKE EATERS Produced by RKO Pathe. May be borrowed without cost from the Bureau of Communications Research, Inc., 13 East 37th Street, New York 17, N. Y. (Eighteen minutes.)	This excellent 16mm. film depicts the role the fireman plays, the risks he takes to protect his fellow citizens, and methods he uses to extinguish fires and detect their origin. The professional quality of this picture allows for its exhibition at almost any gathering.
FRIEND OR FOE An Aetna Educational Film, may be borrowed without charge from Affiliated Aetna Life Companies, Hartford, Conn. (Seventeen minutes. Color.)	Fire prevention begins at home. This film calls attention to the frightful toll in lives and property exacted by home fires each year and suggests ways in which the average householder can take action against this menace.
WORD TO THE WISE May be borrowed without charge from the National Retailers Mutual Insurance Company, 7450 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill. (Fifteen minutes.)	The common fire hazards which now exist in many homes. Carelessness with cigarettes and electric irons is the most frequent cause of disaster in the average home. Only as such things are brought to our attention, and emphasized, will we be able to lessen the losses.
MORE DANGEROUS THAN DYNAMITE May be purchased from Hasleton Films, 7936 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood 46, Calif. (Ten minutes.) $30.	Produced in cooperation with the State Fire Marshal of California and the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce. Fire preparedness, like charity, begins at home. No housewife would knowingly put her friends, possibly her entire neighborhood in danger. An effective object lesson.
APPROVED BY THE UNDERWRITERS May be borrowed without charge from the Underwriters Laboratories, Inc., 207 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. (Twenty-two minutes.)	Almost every person in the United States is protected in his daily life from hazards arising from heating, electrical, and mechanical equipment by the safety standards of the Underwriters Laboratories. This film shows actual test work. Not recommended below the high-school level.
STOP FOREST FIRES! Produced by the United States Department of Agriculture. May be purchased from Government Division of Castle Films. Consult *SRL* for other films on forest fires and kindred subjects. (Ten minutes.) $14.09.	Contains striking scenes of recent major forest fires, fire-fighters at work, and damage done to woods, wildlife, and soil in burned-over areas. An appeal to everyone to take precaution with fire in the woods. Itinerant campers are the most likely offenders. A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 25c per word; 12-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 17c a word; 26 times, 19c a word; 13 times, 22c a word; 6 times, 24c a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues 30c. Books Bought.

WE PAY CASH for *French books, complete libraries and* smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 83 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

LIBRARIE LIPTON. The French Book Shop. 791 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C. 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne. (Sorbonne University) N.Y.C. REgent 7-4606.

FOREIGN BOOKS

CHINA-JAPAN-ORIENTAL ART. All subjects, all languages. Write for catalogue No. 1. Books on Chinese and Japanese *art just off the press. Our next catalogue contains* Religion, Philosophy and Science. Want lists desired. Offers invited. PARAGON BOOK GALLERY, Peter Stuyvesant Hotel (Suite 232), 2 West 86 St., N.Y.C. 24. SChuyler 4-2510.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 Street, N.Y.C.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKS

PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Books for sale—Catalogue available. 1. Americana (488 titles). 2. Fiction (1600 titles). 3. Medicine—Aviation—Music, etc. 4 Sociology & History. 5. Literature (538 titles). 6. Art (Fine & Applied).

BOOKS ON THE EAST. China, Japan, Indo-China, the East Indies, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send for Catalogue 132, now ready, containing hundreds of interesting items on the Far East and Central Asia, including some rare, and many bargains. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, INC., 11 East 12 St., N.Y.C. 19.

BOOK BARGAINS. All classifications. Free catalog. BRIGUGLIO'S, 106 Jefferson St., Beckley, W. Va.

BOOKS ON ENGLISH. Inspiration, Novels, History. Many subjects. Free lists! RABOTTI SERVICE, 422-SR. 1133 Broadway, N.Y.C.

FOR CONNOISSEURS of gracious living. The famous British weekly, COUNTRY LIFE, is subscribed for by many cultured Americans. Every week this distinguished journal contains intimate glimpses of a land enriched alike by nature and tradition—of delightful landscapes, old-world villages, historic castles and mansions. You will enjoy it, too, for its collectors' pages and superbly illustrated features on architecture, natural history, gardening, agriculture, travel and sport. Special introductory subscription at reduced rate of $3.75 for three months (13 consecutive issues direct from London)from George Newnes, Ltd., U.S. Subscription Office (CD/66), 342 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 19.

SAVE TO 90%. New Books. Free 24kt gold personal name improved. Free catalogues. OBERSTEIN, 545 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, N.Y.C. 8.

HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS LOCATED. No obligation. RALPH HEINEN, 909 Greenwood Ave., Toledo 5, Ohio.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. Wolfe, Hemingway, Dreiser, etc. Free catalogue. JACK POTTER, Bookseller, 100 E. Chicago Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

BOOKS, 50c-$1, none higher, Remarkable values; postal brings lists. EDITIONS, Box 304, Hempstead, N.Y.

GERMAN AND FRENCH BOOKS on any subject bought and sold. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Publisher, Bookseller and Importer, 100 West 72 St., N.Y.C. 23. Dept. 22.

LITERATURE, ART, MUSIC. 15th to 20th century. Catalogues issued. Want lists invited. KURT L. SCHWARZ, 450 No. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Since 1927—in Vienna, London, China.

LITERARY SERVICES

ANITA DIAMANT, THE WRITERS WORKSHOP, INC. Literary Agents, 28 years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio scripts, plays. Verse also considered. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references. 280 Madison Ave., at 40 St., N.Y.C. 16.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE. Established 1928. Intelligent, superior work. Prompt, personal attention. PAULINE RESNIKOFF, 137 East 35 St., N.Y.C. LExington 2-4770.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18.

MANUSCRIPT EVALUATION, editing, rewriting, marketing. Wide experience. MARIE H. DOYLE, 341 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 17. MUrray Hill 6-7096.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED by experienced professionals. Prompt service. One free carbon. GLADYS LEAHEY, 521 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. VAnderbilt 6-5339.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 45 St., N.Y.C.

PLAYWRIGHTS — Join drama department in unique AUTHORS' Cooperative. Outstanding plays accepted for publication and possible production. Books on public affairs, fiction, children's books also wanted. Established seven years. International distribution. Members share publishing profits. ISLAND PRESS, 470 West 24 St., N.Y.C.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and non-fiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., N.Y.C. 18.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., N.Y.C. PLaza 3-1364.

WRITING A BOOK, THESIS, SHORT STORY, PLAY, ARTICLE? Expert style-improving, revision, manuscript typing, secretarial services. Special attention to foreign writers. Top references. SARA CLYNE, 49 W. 56 St., N.Y.C. Circle 5-4262.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: *mimeographing*, superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 4-0087.

PROFITABLE BOOK PUBLICATION on even the limited sale of your book is possible. Details in our free copy of "We Can Publish Your Book" Dept. 5. EXPOSITION PRESS, One Spruce St., N.Y.C. 7.

AUTHORS ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and *poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 81 Washington St., Boston, Mass.*

SKILLED TYPIST will give wholehearted attention to your typing, mimeographing needs. Dictation at your convenience. HELEN JOHNSTON, Box 4712, San Francisco, Calif. Ordway 3-6639.

RESEARCH, GHOSTWRITING. Specialties, New Orleans, *Southern material.* RESEARCH ASSOCIATES, 5203 Danneel, New Orleans.

FREE CIRCULAR. Research, editorial, ghostwriting services. EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH ASSOCIATION, 132 Nassau St., N.Y.C. 7. COrtlandt 7-0470.

WRITERS! Conscientious sales service for your book, short stories, articles, plays, television. Write today for FREE circular! DANIEL S. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY, 264 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 11.

LITERARY AGENT, stories, serials, books and plays marketed. R. R. FULLER, 211 East 62 St., N.Y.C.

NEW WRITERS. Mss. edited, rewritten, marketed. Suitable material published and nationally distributed. COSMOS PUBLISHING CO., 1535 N. Hudson, Hollywood, Calif.

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE? Writing short stories, articles, etc. will enable you to earn extra money. In your spare time we teach you to write the way newspaper men learn—by writing. Free "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. Veterans! This course approved for Veteran's Training. Write today. NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, Suite 5218-P, One Park Ave., N.Y.C. 16.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING on IBM Electromatic. Up to 15 clear copies. IDA E. NETZER, 155 West 20 St., N.Y.C. Phones: CHelsea 2-3184, PLaza 8-0221.

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED. Reasonable. IRENE HERLOCKER, 6345 Jefferson, Hammond, Indiana.

SOUTH AMERICAN WRITER needs literary agent for rewriting, marketing easy-selling love, revolution, crime stories *on Latin ground, fiction and true. Lady preferred.* MA...N ARELLANO, Garaicoa, 1127 Guayaquil, Ecuador, S.A.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT or HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied. Write stating "Wants." No obligation. OPAL'S BOOK SERVICE, Westbury, N. Y.

REGISTER YOUR OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK WANTS with me for effective, inexpensive service. NATHAN SIMONS, 3440 Gates Place, N.Y.C. 67.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS supplied. Send us your lists. Quick, efficient service. Reasonable prices. Free catalog. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington Ave., Detroit 24, Mich.

WE PURSUE elusive books. PARSONS BOOKSTORE SERVICE, 16310 Tarkington Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

BOOKFINDERS! Scarce, unusual books quickly supplied. Send wants. CLIFTON'S, Box 1377, Beverly Hills, Calif.

RECORD MART

SPECIALIZED SERVICE CATERING to collectors of vocal records. Deletions available. State "wants." Mail orders only. RECORD COLLECTORS SERVICE, Room 1108, 8 West 40 St., N.Y.C. 18.

COLLECTORS' PARADISE. Five decades of classic, vocals and instruments. Also unrivaled line of new classical records at *regular list prices, including many hard-to-find.* Store open until midnight. RECORD HUNTER, 1194 Lexington Ave., at 81 Street, N.Y.C. PLaza 9-7694.

OPERATIC RECORDS—Send for catalogue listing thousands of rare Caruso, Galli-Curci, etc. Box 450-A.

CHERUBINI, high-quality recordings of the Master's works. M. G. Thomas, 58 Westbourne Park Road, London, W. 2, England.

MUSIC LOVERS! Paderachensteins! Rubiturbistowskis! If you love to play the piano for yourself, your family and friends, you'll enjoy our monthly publication. Write for information. *MELODY MASTERS CLUB, 6174 Kingsbury Blvd.*, St. Louis 12, Mo.

PERSONALS

HIGHLY QUALIFIED PIANO INSTRUCTION prefers teaching intelligent adult beginners. ESplanade 2-2242. N.Y.C.

SECRETARY, heavy editorial experience, college, 34, seeks position with author or editor. Part or full time, N.Y.C. Box 615-B.

CALIFORNIA FEMALE, varied interests, invites male correspondence of intellectual and refined type. Box 616-B.

FRIENDLY, mature, female enjoys walking, talking, reading welcomes male correspondence. Box 646-B.

ARTIST-WRITER — Opportunity live in Florida; semi-cooperative. Rent $65. Box 617-B.

FORMER NEWSPAPER, plant magazine editor, California resident, desires full, part-time work. Research maybe? Or what have you? Box 618-B.

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT! Pastel or black and white charcoal drawing from your photograph .Include coloring. *Pay only upon approval. Pastel, $7.50. Black and white,* $5.00. Box 619-B.

COLLEGE GRADUATE wants work after Thanksgiving. Social secretary. Travel, companion, shop assistant, housekeeper. Prefers South. Has automobile. Can cook. Box 620-B.

CONGENIAL MISS, genuine aesthetic personality, cultured tastes, lover of nature and life invites male correspondence mutual aspects. Diversified interests. Box 621-B.

CARTOONIST wants adult, New Yorker slant gags. Box 622-B.

COSTUME JEWELRY. Any item repaired 50c—minimum order $1.00. Stones and parts extra. Send cash and insure. The Jewel-Crafters, Box 15-G.P.O. 1, N.Y.C.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

IN THE BERKSHIRES, 140 acres, 65 pasture. Main house, 11 rooms, 5 fireplaces. Brand new oil burner with 1,000 gal. tank. Year round, 8 room guest house, newly painted. 3 barns, garage, log cabin with fireplace. Two brooks. State owned lake within 15 minutes walk of house. For quick sale—$18,000. L. E. Ewen, Canaan, Conn.

ATTENTION LITERARY AGENTS. Responsible party offers services and investment for partnership. Box 623-B.

M. D. seeks sponsor for an organization chartered to aid paralytic strokes and aphasia victims. Box 416-B.

DRINKING TOO MUCH? How about trying the wagon for a few months. To help you get your grip, here's 2,500 word message, plus a letter to open each day during that first tough week. No sermonizing; just practical suggestions from one who has done it. Send $1 to Frank Publications, Box 684, Westport, Conn.

EX-EDITOR, published writer, seeks part-time work for established author or publisher. Technical and popular staff experience. Psychiatric background. Box 645-B.

DANCING. Private Instruction in Rhumba, Samba, Tango, Waltz, Fox Trot. Special emphasis on styling as well as wide variety of steps. Mr. D. J. Hoyt, 122 East 92 St., N.Y.C. SAcramento 2-4191.

YOUNG WOMAN with small dog seeks room, board exchange for part-time housekeeping or secretarial services. Available October. Box 516-B.

LEAVING MANHATTAN APARTMENT for winter? Four Smith graduate students would sublet September to June. Any leads? We'll care for plants or pets left behind. Box 363-B.

EDITOR AND NOVELIST. Five years experience in N.Y.C. desires editorial assignment next few months. Will leave city. MUrray Hill 4-4078. Box 624-B.

UNSUCCESSFUL ACTOR AND WRITER wishes position as companion to invalid or what have you? Box 625-B.

CABELL-LOVERS! Here is a set of his works in the famous Storisende edition. 18 volumes. Magnificently printed. Illustrated. Catalogue price $175. The first to wire, write or airmail gets this superb set for only $97.50. Box 626-B.

MALE offers shoulder to female correspondents. Age, race, creed immaterial. Box 627-B.

FORTUNATE (not fortune-ful) newlyweds seek N.Y.C. space to house wedding presents and themselves. Money an object. Box 628-B.

LADY, mature viewpoint, varied interests, invites correspondence from sincere gentleman. Box 629-B.

STAR FILLET DOILY, 6" white, hand crochet, $2.50. Every-day boxed greeting cards, $1.00. Alcara Studios, Box 227, Worcester, Mass.

YOUR PORTRAIT in charcoal from photograph or snapshot. Rates surprisingly low. Write for illustrated circular. Wakefield Studio, Earlysville, Va.

TRIP TO ITALY has confirmed Quattro cento tastes. Young man, college graduate, seeks interesting employment in any phase of art world: history, criticism, publishing, archeology, etc. N.Y.C. Box 630-B.

TASTE-TEMPTING TEAS TO PAMPER YOUR PALATE! Half-pound packages. Darjeeling, $.93; Fancy Flowery Ceylon, $1.10; Assam, $1.08; English Breakfast, $.75; Smoky Lapsang Souchong, $1.68; Irish Style, $1.03; Formosa Oolong, $.98; Jasmine, $1.80; Green Pan-Fired Japan, $.80; Uncolored B. F. Japan, $.80; Pinhead Gunpowder, $.88; Young Hyson, $.93. Initial orders postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

PRETTY, PROFESSIONAL MISS, diversified interests, welcomes correspondence from charming, intelligent gentleman with integrity. Box 631-B.

SINGLE MAN in thirties, farm background, experienced in school teaching, factory and social work, veteran World War II, desire position with future. Box 632-B.

BROADWAY STAGE DIRECTOR, wants intelligent young man, nationality, color immaterial, take charge small country house. Write giving full particulars. Box 633-B.

WILL VERSATILE, adventurous gal write to congenial, understanding, professional gentleman. Box 634-B.

TWO LONESOME, young ladies, cultured, gracious, amiable invites correspondence two men similar predicament. Box 635-B.

WOMAN interested in everything vital to the heart and mind invites correspondence. Box 636-B.

PERSONALS

CAREER GIRL, B.A., Katharine Gibbs graduate, seeks challenging position. Editorial, copywriting, secretarial experience. Box 637-B.

WINTER IN DESERT SUNSHINE? Buy new, comfortable, five-room house with patio, ramada, carport, 3½ acres, $25,000. Beautiful view of mountains. Casa de Marita, Route 4, Box 430, Tucson, Arizona.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT, resident: experienced various phases magazine work. Available for part-time assignment or local editorial work. Box 639-B.

GIRL wishes correspond man, wordly and wise, withal foolishly romantic. Box 640-B.

MATURE, independent gentleman, intellectually curious, desires correspondence with compatable cultured woman. Box 641-B.

WILL SELL—Taos oil paintings, fine work, Phillips, Couse, Sharp, others. Also old Indian blankets. No dealers. Box 35-B.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on individual gummed labels. 300 for $1.50. Box 979-K.

MASCULINE SONGWRITER wishes correspondence with female songwriter. Box 642-B.

BUSINESS WOMAN, weary of Battle of the Sexes, would exchange views with mature careerists and others well adjusted to their single blessedness and leading planned full lives. Box 643-B.

WOMAN, interested in minerology, crystallography, music, welcomes correspondence regarding those and other fascinating subjects. Box 644-B.

DRAMATISTS—RECOGNIZED COMPOSER (ASCAP) desires collaborator on musical play. State experience. Box 647-B.

SAGE YOUNG 2-3-5, general college plus legal training, offers his talents to most suitable bidder. Box 638-B.

WEAN YOUR JUNIOR AWAY from those horrible "comics" with a bound volume of St. Nicholas, Charming periodical of yesteryear. Stories, puzzles, illustrations, etc. Bound volume, 6 issues, $6.75. Sample copy $1.50, postpaid. Also Youth's Companion, bound volume, 52 weekly issues $18.50. Five sample issues, $2.85, postpaid. Box 72-B.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering special weekend rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights). Single room and bath, $12, double room and bath, $17.50, sitting room, bedroom and bath, $23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

ENCHANTING NOSEGAY PINS — Exquisite little ceramic flowers. Made entirely by hand. Price $3.00. Box 584-A.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal-Business assignments, representations undertaken. Nationwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, N.Y.C.

TALK FRENCH in three months. Idiomatic; beginners, advanced Parisian, N.Y.C. LExington 2-0521, weekdays.

COMPLETE RESEARCH SERVICES in the fields of psychology, sociology, economics. Preparation of articles, speeches 25 years experience. E. P. Hillpern, 10 East 78 St., N.Y.C.

EDGEWATER, N. J. Charming old halfstone house with view of Hudson, half acre of grounds, only thirty minutes bus ride from Times Square. Includes large library, living room with fireplace, two bedrooms, garage. Ideal for pleasant living or combining home with small business or craft workshops. Low taxes. $14,500. Cliffside 6-8065.

EFFICIENT salesperson, bookshop selling ability, short part-time, noon hours. Box 648-B.

SPECIAL TELEVISION PROGRAMS desired viewed, personable, out-of-state, male, college grad, congenial persons home. Box 649-B.

FRENCH PERFUME — genuine imported. Attractive 1-oz. bottle, $5. tax included. Money order or C.O.D. Refund guaranteed. Essex, 366 Broadway, N.Y.C.

MT. VERNON, N.Y. Couple desperately in need of apartment or furnished room(s). Box 650-B.

FOR SALE: fairly young man, 27, almost as good as new. Former newspaperman, publicist and production assistant to topflight Broadway producer; still in good working order, if slightly shopworn. Just a twist of the wrist and voila! Out springs an editorial assistant, a beguiling companion with sculpture and music at his fingertips, or a genie who works miracles at your command. What am I bid? Write Box 652-B or phone WOrth 4-2048.

PERSONALS

THE SUPREME GIFT! Donate a set or collection of books to your local library or Alma Mater. Memorial memorial! Deductible from income tax. Send for details. Box 44-B.

CHEESE FIT FOR A KING! Phil Alpert's of course, Gourmets, our cheeses are ripened in a cellar and cut to your order. Write Dept. SRL 5, Alpert's Cheese Corner, 230 East 10 St., N.Y.C., for a list of 250 varieties.

YOU CAN COOK in every country and in every period. Discover culinary delights in this world-wide cuisine of old books. Send $3.75 for sample volume. Send for free booklist. Box 73-B.

DOUBLE-CROSTIC FANS! Rumor has it that those of you who consult The Readers' Encyclopedia will have an inside track every week. See page 39.

DIRECT FROM LONDON TO YOUR ADDRESS. British Publications, Inc., can now fill subscriptions for all British magazines, trade papers and technical journals. Prompt and regular deliveries, Air Editions overnight. Write for catalogue, listing over 1,000 periodicals, with rates in American Currency. British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35 St., N.Y.C. 16.

VACATIONS

THE BERKSHIRES ARE AT THEIR BEST in the glow of Indian summer and the leaves a medley of color. Rabe's a small gracious guest house, with large acreage, gourmet quality food, invites the selective weekender or vacationer. Reduced off-season rates. For reservations write Rabe's, R.F.D. No. 1, East Chatham, New York.

YOU'LL ENJOY SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vermont. Write Bob Horton.

MIRRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals, inexpensive North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

APPLE HILL farmstead, built 1762, again offers warm informality, modern conveniences. From $140 monthly inclusive. Special rates: writers, artists, couples. Apple Hill, East Pepperell, Mass.

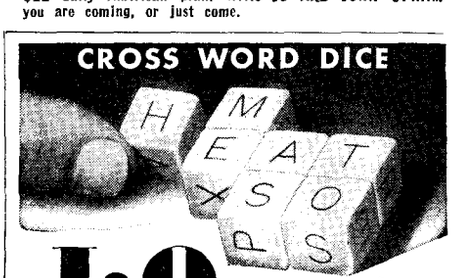
LANIER (on the Piscataqua) Eliot, Maine. Food, lodging, gardens, pines, salt-river beach.

DIFFERENT FROM THE REST, come see for yourself. Accommodates 55, 29th season. Rates, $12 a day, $70 a week. TED OHMER'S WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn. Tel.: New Milford 440.

BOOKS, MUSIC, CREATIVE ATMOSPHERE amidst rugged frontier country. Old Mexico trips. Wonderful food. Low summer rates. SUN CIRCLE RANCH, Tuscon, Arizona.

WYOMING—Ride its hills and canyons. Fish in its mountain streams. (Or maybe just relax by them.) How? Write PATON RANCH, Shell, Wyoming.

WANT A NEW LEASE ON LIFE? You can live on acres and acres of pine woodlands with the tropical Anclote River on one side and the Gulf of Mexico on the other and go exploring, hiking, swimming, boating. Vacation at any time of the year in picturesque Tarpon Springs, Florida, and stay at THE UPHAM HOUSE, noted for serving delicious food, for creating a friendly, informal atmosphere in a building of architectural beauty, for restoring health and good spirits to all who enter. From $11 daily American plan. Write JO AND JOHN UPHAM you are coming, or just come.



I·QUBES

EXCITING NEW GAME FOR PUZZLE FANS

More fun than a barrel of puzzles! Seven dice, lettered in red and black – all in a compact leather case. Master the simple rules. Then – let 'em roll! Now see how many crosswords you can make. One person can play – or a roomful. It's fascinating at parties, at home, travelling – anywhere! Get I-Qubes at your favorite store, or send $2.50 to sole distributors, M. Wille, Inc., Dept. R, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. Dealer inquiries invited.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 758

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

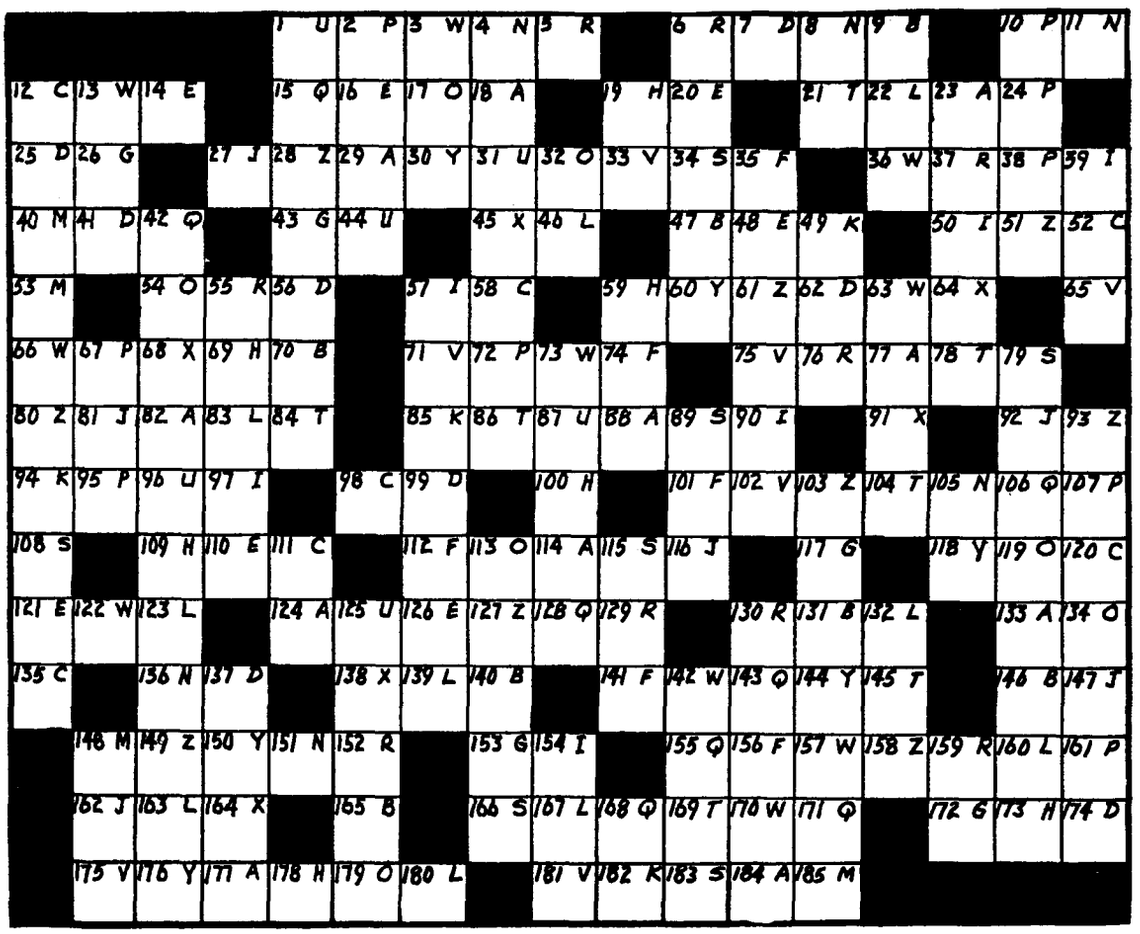
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Large dam in Columbia River, U.S.	77 124 133 177 184 29 82 114 23 18 88
B. Dutch painter, founder of the Haarlem school (1430-1460).	146 131 47 165 70 9 140
C. *French sculptor* (1704-78).	135 12 120 98 111 58 52
D. A grainsman (England).	174 99 7 56 137 62 25 41
E. The capital of the Ten Tribes, destroyed by the Assyrians (Bib.).	20 48 121 110 14 16 126
F. Canadian-born actor and producer in America (1896-; "Abe Lincoln in Illinois").	101 112 141 35 156 74
G. Japanese painter, originator of Ukiyoye school (1577?-1650).	43 153 172 26 117
H. Venomous So. African ticks.	178 100 109 69 19 173 59
I. Patron saint of Silesia (a woman).	39 154 90 97 57 50
J. A caisson or floating dock.	27 81 162 147 116 92
K. Famous victory by Henri IV of France, subject of a lay by Macaulay.	85 94 182 49
L. The model of deportment, a minor character in "Bleak House."	132 139 180 160 22 46 83 123 163 167
M. American lithographer of famous firm (1824-95).	40 148 185 53

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Russian army officer, defense of Moscow, Stalingrad, Leningrad; *marshal in 1943.*	105 11 151 4 136 8
O. The beak of an ancient warship used in ramming (Gr. and Rom.).	179 17 32 54 134 119 113
P. Saracen captive in title of a popular 13th-century legend of Provence.	107 95 67 2 24 72 38 10 161
Q. Fire-eating character in "The Rivals" (Sheridan).	143 15 155 106 42 171 128 168
R. English mariner, commanded the "Triumph" in the Spanish Armada victory.	55 159 37 130 76 5 6 152 129
S. Things temptingly attractive (colloq.).	79 108 183 115 89 34 166
T. English commander against Spanish Armada; with Drake in maritime expeditions.	78 104 21 145 169 86 84
U. A breed of large, white domestic geese originating in E. Prussia.	125 31 1 87 96 44
V. A ripple.	175 102 71 65 75 33 181
W. Swedish statesman (1583-1654).	3 66 122 36 157 142 13 63 73 170
X. A clog; a drag (fig.).	164 68 45 138 64 91
Y. Brutus's page in "Julius Caesar."	150 60 144 176 30 118
Z. One skilled in arousing the populace by sensational methods.	127 158 61 149 80 51 103 28 93

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 34 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

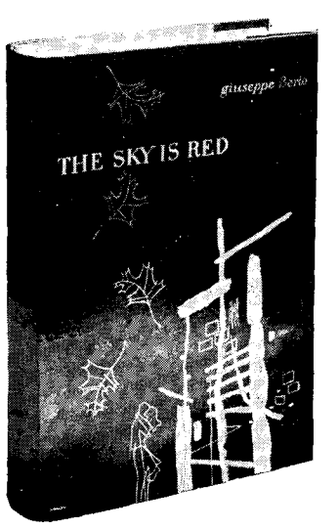
THE SKY IS RED

Giuseppe Berto

In Italy today there is a renascence of the arts—the superb Italian films, good painting, and a crop of vigorous and original writers. Carlo Levi and Alvaro we know. Moravia and Vittorini are being translated. And here, most widely read in Italy, is young Giuseppe Berto, with his magnificent novel *The Sky Is Red.*

The Sky Is Red has been hailed in Europe as the best novel to come out of the War. And it is a war book—yes—but with no fighting, no battles, no speeches, no spies and no politics. It is just about people—"unimportant" people—and how they live after an airfleet has levelled their city.

This is the story of Tullio and Carla and Daniele and Giulia. Here in America we would call them "adolescents." But in Italy war has made them premature adults. They come together after the bombardment has killed their families and form a little cell of life among the dead buried in the ruins. Thanks to Tullio, who leads a Partisan band, and Carla, who goes with soldiers, they are able to live. And even amid the wreckage love brings to Giulia and Daniele a fleeting intimation of what life might mean.



$3.50

The Sky Is Red will move you in the way that you were moved by those wonderful Italian movies like *Shoe Shine* and *Open City*. It has the same simplicity, the same clean, direct contact with basic human emotions. Berto's writing is not cluttered up with the slick tricks of a professional's style. He was not a writer until he *had* to be . . . until he had to put down what he felt. Berto was a soldier. He was captured in Africa and taught himself to write in a prisoner-of-war camp in Texas. It is almost primitive writing, like a man telling you a story. But the story that he has to tell has the architecture of great human truth.

The Sky Is Red has outsold all other novels of recent years in Italy. It has already been translated into eight languages. In England it has been chosen Book of The Month by *The Evening Standard*, and it is a choice of The Book Find Club here. American readers who have seen the proofs of the book are just as enthusiastic. One of them, Carson McCullers, wrote that "*The Sky Is Red* seems to me one of the really extraordinary novels of recent years—a magnificent book."

Published by

NEW DIRECTIONS

500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED